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MAR. 7, 1942

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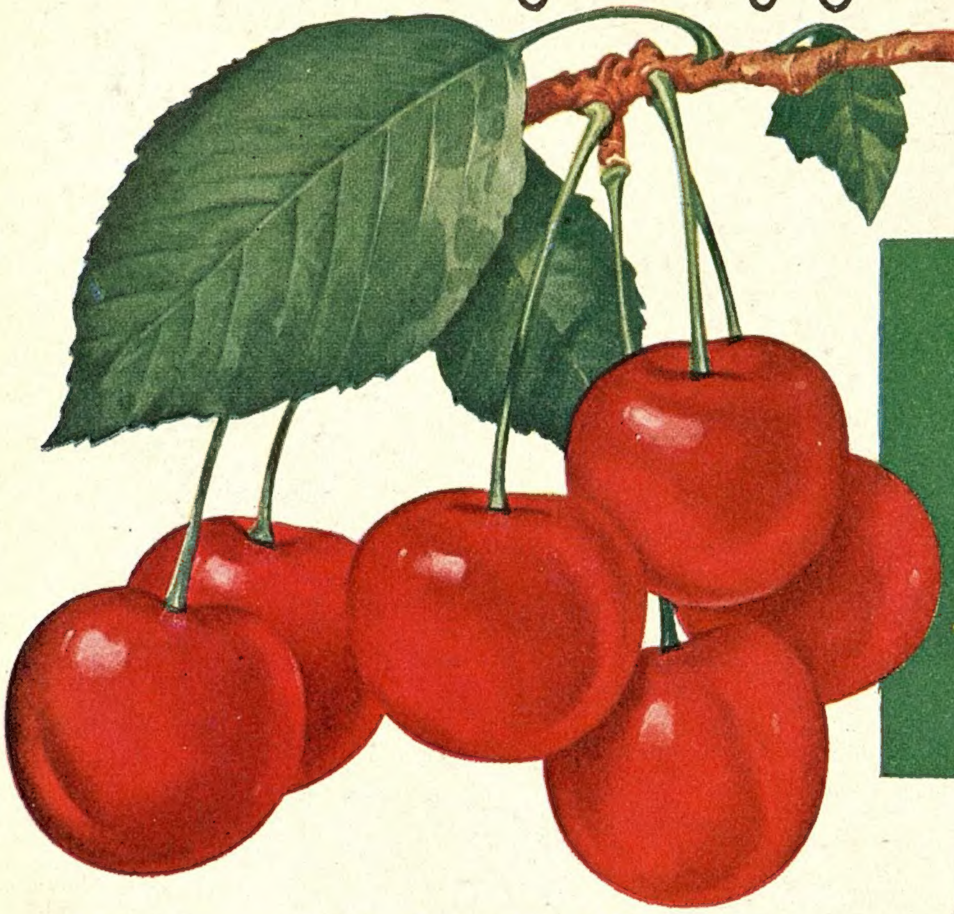
ESSONS FROM INSIDE LONDON, by JOHN GUNTHER

THE REAL GENERAL MacARTHUR, by Pearson and Allen

Now double your enjoyment with the "bonus year"

TEN HIGH



Like cherries bursting with juice

RIPENED JUST RIGHT—

year after year, after year, after year

All out, you millions of TEN HIGH fans! Fix your mouths for a great new surprise . . .

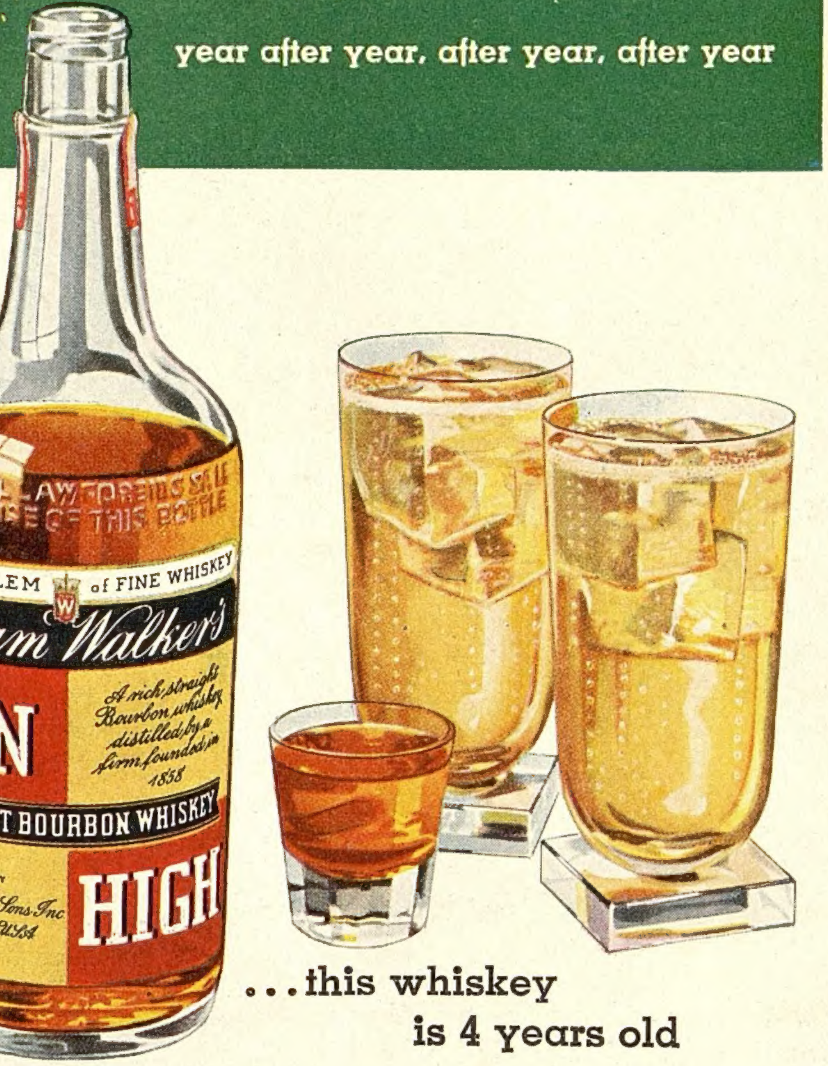
TEN HIGH with a whacking big flavor-bonus added! With a bonus of velvety smoothness added! With an extra birthday added!

As before, it's all whiskey...mellow straight bourbon. But now even more distinguished for the delicate lightness of body (rare in a whiskey so rich!) that built its fame as the whiskey with "no rough edges."

Drink it straight . . . drink it mixed. Either way, you'll collect a real extra bonus of enjoyment from the *"bonus year"* TEN HIGH.

Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof. Copr. 1942, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"


FEDERAL LAW FORBIDS SALE OR REUSE OF THIS BOTTLE
THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN
A rich, straight Bourbon whiskey distilled by a firm founded in 1858
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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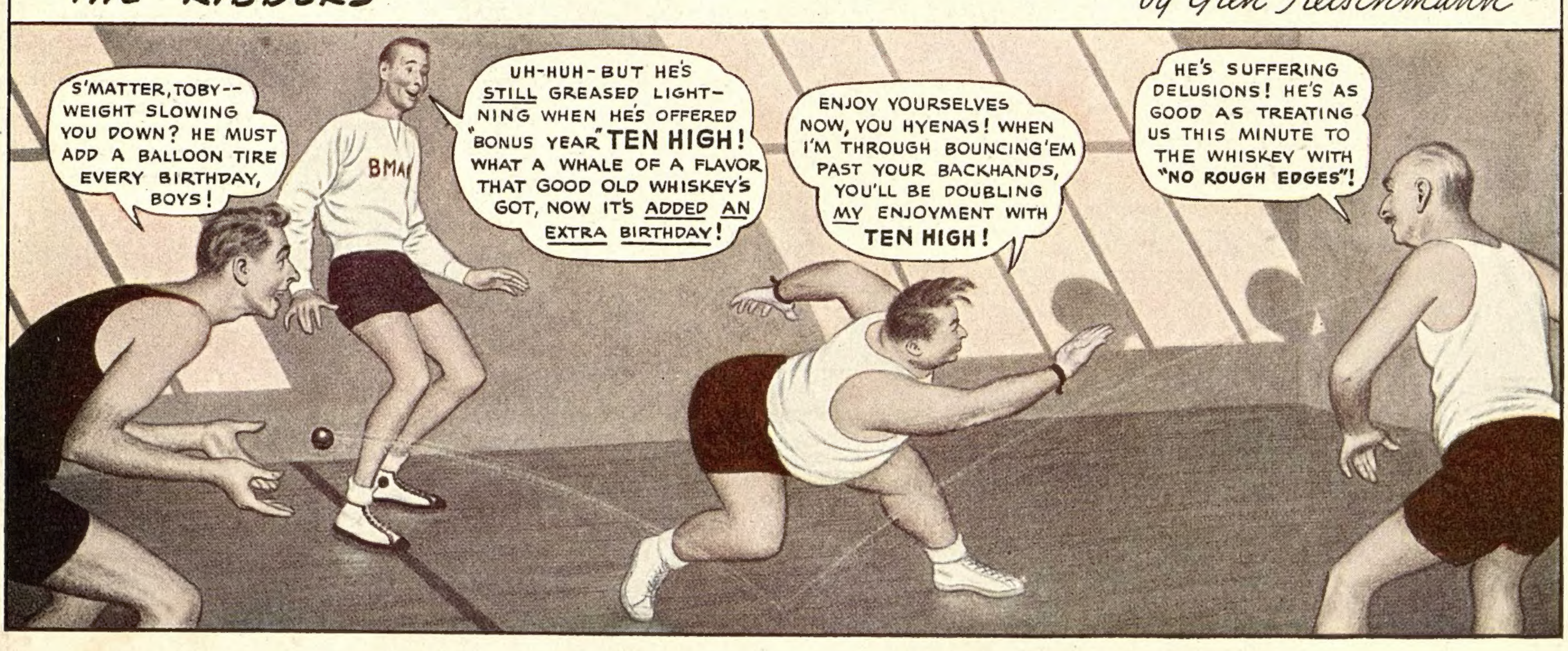
HIGH

. . . this whiskey is 4 years old

"THE RIBBERS" *by Glen Fleischmann*


S'MATTER, TOBY-- WEIGHT SLOWING YOU DOWN? HE MUST ADD A BALLOON TIRE EVERY BIRTHDAY, BOYS!
UH-HUH-BUT HE'S STILL GREASED LIGHTNING WHEN HE'S OFFERED "BONUS YEAR" TEN HIGH! WHAT A WHALE OF A FLAVOR THAT GOOD OLD WHISKEY'S GOT, NOW IT'S ADDED AN EXTRA BIRTHDAY!
BMAC
ENJOY YOURSELVES NOW, YOU HYENAS! WHEN I'M THROUGH BOUNCING'EM PAST YOUR BACKHANDS, YOU'LL BE DOUBLING MY ENJOYMENT WITH TEN HIGH!
HE'S SUFFERING DELUSIONS! HE'S AS GOOD AS TREATING US THIS MINUTE TO THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

IS OUR BATTLE CRY!

★ Stirred and united, the nation moves forward today with unshakable faith and a single purpose. Already the men of our Air Force are fighting back with courage and skill — proving the power of an aroused America. *This is your chance* to do some real fighting for your country. We are going to win this war. *You can help* to win it as a Flying Officer in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

SIMPLIFIED REQUIREMENTS—NEW OPPORTUNITIES

Today we are swiftly building an American Air Force that will have no equal in planes or in personnel. The U. S. Army needs thousands of young men to apply each month for the world's finest aviation training as Aviation Cadets—to become bombardiers, navigators and pilots. Commissions as Second Lieutenants are waiting for these men at the end of their seven-and-one-half-month training period.

18 TO 26—MARRIED OR SINGLE

If you have passed your 18th birthday and are not yet 27, you are eligible under the new regulations for Aviation Cadet training. Good physical condition, eyesight and hearing are necessary, of course. Married men are now eligible.

SIMPLIFIED EDUCATIONAL REQUIREMENTS

New, simplified tests determine the applicant's ability to complete the Aviation Cadet Course successfully. Diplomas or credits from educational institutions *are not* required for training as bombardiers, navigators, and pilots, "The Three Musketeers" of the Army Air Corps. Examination boards have been set up in key cities where you can take your mental and physical examinations *the same day you apply*, and be enlisted immediately.

It's time for action. Call at the nearest Army recruiting station today. You will be given full information on how you can serve your country best—how you can defend that freedom which is your birthright.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area .... Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area
Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area ..... Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area .... Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Corps Area
Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area .... Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area .. Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area
Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area
Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.
Or write to: Enlisted Division, B-3, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.

★ *Full information at your local branch of the Junior Chamber of Commerce; B. P. O. E. (Elks); Veterans of Foreign Wars or the American Legion.*

LET'S GO! U.S.A.
KEEP 'EM FLYING!

THE FIRST WORD—

Vox Pop

The Voice of the People

"WE'VE GOT A WAR TO WIN!"

Philadelphia, Pa.—"We've Got a War to Win!"

Here is my idea of a real war slogan. It would come to Americans' minds whenever they were about to buy something that is unnecessary, waste something, etc.

Each piece of my correspondence will have this slogan imprinted on it as a reminder.—*Lester Waas.*

GLAD YOU ADDED THAT LAST SENTENCE

Beaumont, Tex.—I hope you continue your policy of adding a condensed best seller. It would be presumptuous of a Vox Pop reader to suggest to your staff what abbreviated novels should be included, but here goes anyway: Try Louis Bromfield's Wild Is the River.

I won't be mad if you don't do it.—*E. C. Blackshear.*

WELL, THE FUTURE SHOULD BRING CONSIDERABLE EVIDENCE

Oakland, Calif.—Your Emil Ludwig never did figure out whether Stalin is "Devil or Genius." He is like the prisoner in court when the judge asked him, "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Judge, your Honor," said the prisoner, "is it all the same to you if I wait and hear all the evidence?"—*Flavian Putnick.*

HISTORICAL SLANT ON THE OIL-SHORTAGE HEADACHE

Shelburne Falls, Mass.—Your "question tester" isn't the only one who missed No. 20 in January 17 Twenty Questions!

The truth is that mother couldn't turn the lamp up or down because "sparking" or "courting" lamps were tiny glass or metal containers that burned sperm oil and the wicks could not be regulated. They held only enough oil to burn for a reasonable length of "sparking" time—and when they went out the young man was supposed to go home!

These small whale-oil lamps were also called "tavern" lamps and were used to eliminate the danger of inebriated guests' neglecting to conserve precious oil while they slept—a forerunner of Mr. Ickes' ideas!—*Helen Walker Miller.*

WE NOT ONLY CAN, BUT WILL

Springfield, Ohio—I have just finished reading Long Vigil, by Faith Baldwin (January 31 Liberty). It is a wonderfully touching story. Can't we have more from her?—*Mrs. Goldie Rapp.*

SHUCKS, BILL, WE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS OURSELVES

Waukesha, Wis.—I have read Liberty for a number of years and have found some very interesting and informative articles in it. However, I can't recall having read anything on how to place bets on horses at the race tracks.

A year ago I came across a system which has proved to be exceedingly profitable. However, since nothing is perfect, I think that if you could find an author with a better system, it would make for the most interesting reading that Liberty has ever contained.—*Bill Cox.*

SENTIMENT FROM OKLAHOMA

Bison, Okla.—Oklahoma school children enjoy singing the following words to the music of God Bless America. How about your readers?

Forward, Americans, brave, strong, and
free.
God stands with you in the struggle
To preserve men of earth's liberty.
We remember proud Pearl Harbor
And a sneaking treachery.
Forward, Americans, to Victory! . . .

Try them!—*Tom G. McGee.*

WHAT SAY, SARGE?

La Crosse, Wis.—Please give Old Sarge more space—another page anyway. We buy Liberty each week just for his page.—*Mr. and Mrs. Joe Weigel.*

WHY, THANKS, LADIES!

Fond du Lac, Wis.—I get a big kick out of your Vox Pop page and always turn to that first.—*Lydia M. Dana.*

Laurel, Miss.—I think the Vox Pop editor has certainly been fair in printing the brickbats along with the bouquets—and can he help it if he just naturally gets more bouquets than brickbats?—*Mrs. J. T. Trulick.*

FAN MAIL FOR DON FLORENCIO DE LA PAMPA

Jamaica, N. Y.—It is with exceedingly great pleasure and pride that I write you this letter of profound thanks for bringing Don Florencio De La Pampa (January 17, 24, 31 Liberty) to me. Mr. John Erskine and Mr. Molina Campos deserve credit and appreciation.—*C. Ralph Cullivér.*

Dallas, Tex.—Why didn't somebody tell me about Don Florencio De La Pampa? Rah! to Liberty for giving him to us, along with F. Molina Campos, that ace of illustrators. Takes us back to our memories of Uncle Remus, Tom Sawyer, and the illustrations of Frost.—*F. E. Morris, Executive Secretary, Texas Retail Dry Goods Association.*

Chelsea, Mass.—With all due respect to F. Molina Campos, I still think Armando is tops. They say a picture is better than a thousand words, but his cartoons speak volumes.—*Dr. J. B. Kagan.*

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST—

Hartford, S. D.—I want to commend you for your clear-cut, militant editorials.—*Ruel E. Dana, Postmaster.*

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Smuggling the "Berlin Diary" Past the Gestapo

PERHAPS the greatest explanation of Nazism and its devastating effects ever presented to the American people can be found between the covers of William L. Shirer's *"Berlin Diary."* But the most amazing story—an untold drama—of this correspondent's world famous book lies not alone in his sensitive description of the Hitler debacle. For Shirer's uncanny thwarting of the hawk-eyed Gestapo to bring the world these truths remains in itself a great, heroic achievement.

In answer to thousands who have read *"Berlin Diary,"* True Detective now brings an exclusive, searching epilogue to Mr. Shirer's book—the exciting account of how under the very nose of the Gestapo he smuggled his explosive story out of a Germany smothered by censorship. Here is a brave and thrilling insight into a foreign correspondent's shrewdness and ingenuity—vividly presented in True Detective for March. Do not miss it!

William Powell's Favorite Detective Mystery

A suave, intelligent criminal rocked the four-hundred set as he blandly looted many of the wealthiest homes on Long Island—until he was forced to reckon with an even smoother operation by New York Detectives! Thrill to "Gentleman Raffles," the favorite mystery of William "Thin Man" Powell.

"Snake Hill—Tomorrow Night"

An army deserter, a strange taxicab murder, a relentless five-year manhunt, make for one of the most unusual and gripping true crime stories in modern annals. Relive the vivid details of the *crime,* the *chase* and the *capture* in "Snake Hill—Tomorrow Night."

True Detective
MARCH 25¢
GENTLEMAN RAFFLES
Smuggling "BERLIN DIARY" past the GESTAPO
THE CRIME CIRCLE MURDERS

Continue True Detective's Nazi Expose

Among the many other revealing features, be sure to read further amazing accounts by former Nazi braintruster, Otto Strasser and the famous Berlin newspaperwoman, Bella Fromm as these two "in-the-know" German exiles describe their exciting adventures and grim experiences while watching Nazism grow up!

True Detective

MARCH NOW ON SALE

When's the last time you were *Kissed?*

If it wasn't recently, maybe you'd better suspect the presence of the "Double O" (Offensive breath; Offensive-looking teeth.) That's a combination that can scare any man away.

You may not know when you have offensive breath, but your mirror informs you of offensive-looking teeth. Better do something about both of them.

Why not take the delightful double precaution against "Double O"?

For your breath, Listerine Antiseptic, of course. It built its fame on correcting bad breath for millions through its ability to quickly halt food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

And for dull, off-color, dingy-looking teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste—changed in formula, changed in action, and especially created to make the enamel cleaner, and so more flashing, more brilliant.

For 8 years skilled scientists worked to get a special combination of outstanding, safe ingredients to accomplish this wonderful luster-giving effect. Now thousands of women are simply wild about this new dentifrice. Many say they can actually see the transformation it works in a surprisingly short time.

So if you want to make friends, if you want men to like you, if you want to be welcome in your job, take this day and night precaution against the "Double O"—the new Listerine Tooth Paste and the old and tried Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *and*

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

the double precaution against double O

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth

THIS WEEK

March 7, 1942

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THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

★

COVER BY LU KIMMEL

NEXT WEEK

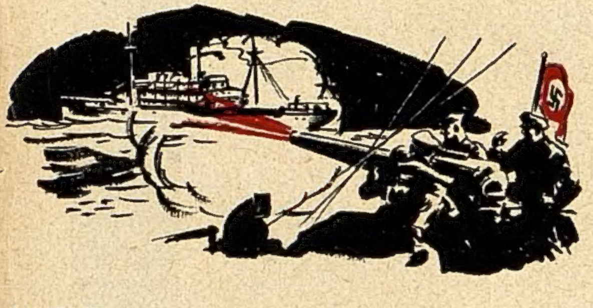
March 14, 1942

HOW VULNERABLE IS AUSTRALIA?

C. Hartley Grattan knows Australia. He has lived there and studied the Commonwealth for years. His new book, Introducing Australia, is an important item of current literature. For Liberty he has assembled some striking facts which answer the question stated above—a question which, since Pearl Harbor, has been of vital concern to us all. Will Australia be the base of our eventual triumphant assault on Japan? Just how much can she do in her own defense? Just what are her needs? Mr. Grattan throws important light on these things in next week's issue.

BILLY MITCHELL'S SWEET REVENGE

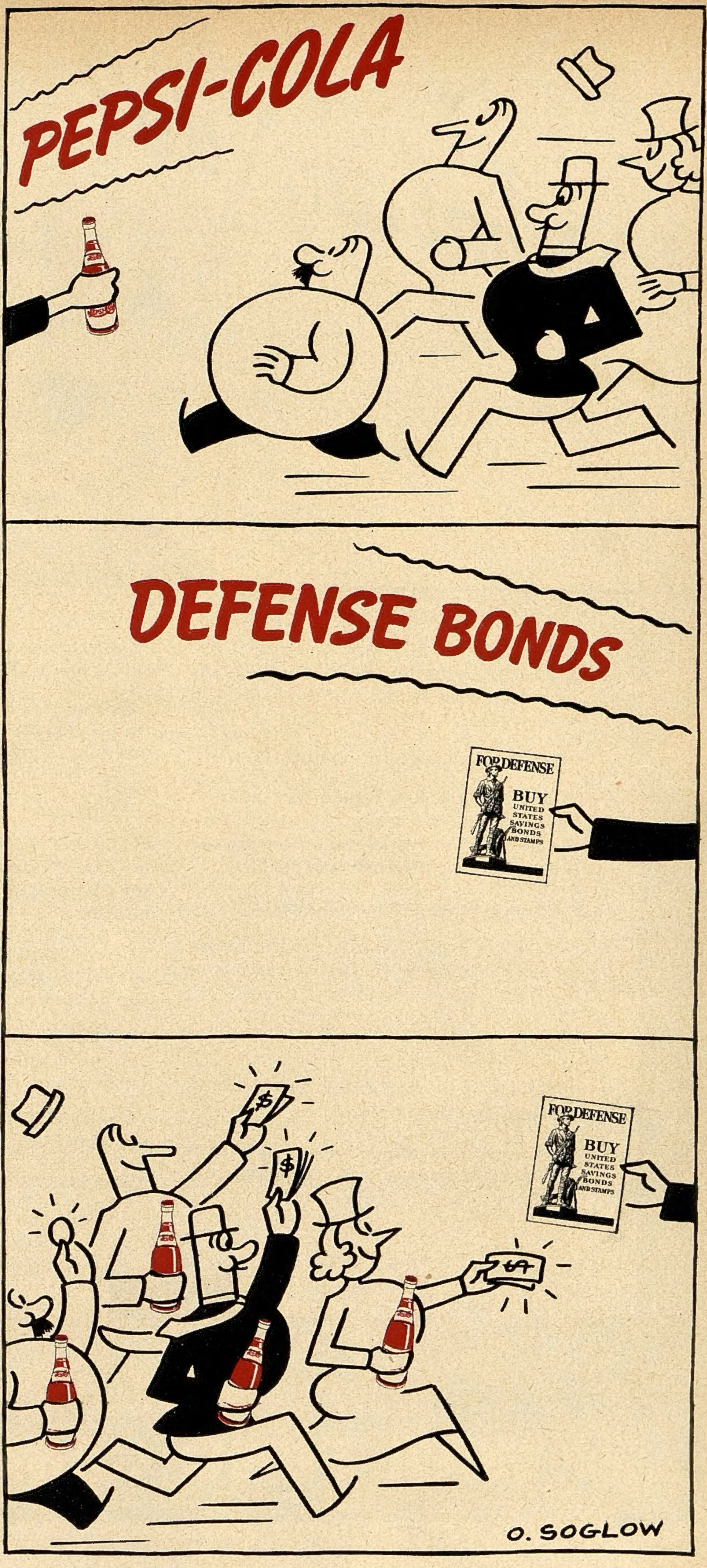
answers a piquant question—What has happened down through the years to the army men who were outraged by General Mitchell's outspokenness about the importance of aviation in war, and drummed him out of the service in 1925? Washington wouldn't listen to him then. Walter Karig, who has long been "in the know" in Washington, gives you the measure of his vindication.



SMOKE ON THE HORIZON

is fiction—and fine fiction. The stirring story of a boy who "had an angle for everything," joined the merchant marine to keep out of the war—and found himself in the midst of it. Much to his own private surprise, he proved himself a hero. George Harmon Coxe wrote the story.

Also next week—More good stories; Last-Minute Double Check for Your Income Tax (which may be just what you need); a lively collection of Giggle-Gags from Hollywood, and various other things we hope you'll like—too many to mention here.


PEPSI-COLA
DEFENSE BONDS
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
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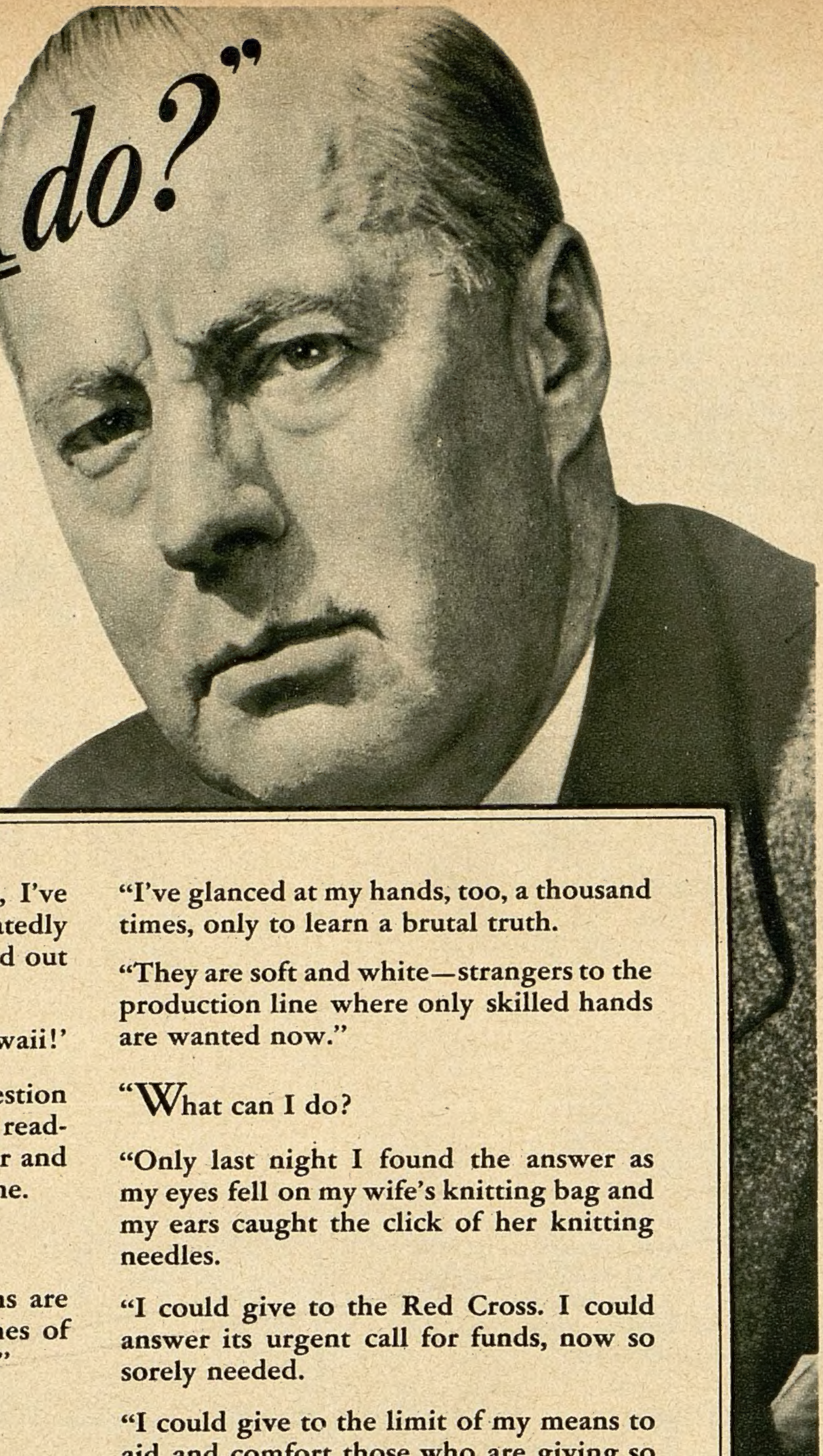
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
O. SOGLOW

"What can I do?"



"LIKE millions of other Americans, I've asked myself one question repeatedly ever since these fateful words popped out of my radio:

" 'Japanese planes have bombed Hawaii!'

"Daily, nightly, I've turned this question over and over in my mind—with the reading of every news bulletin on the air and the appearance of every epic headline.

"What can I do—here at home?

"What can I do — while Americans are fighting and dying in the far reaches of the Pacific for freedom and for me?"

"What can I do?

"I've looked in my shaving mirror for an answer—and found none.

"I've seen only the perplexed face of a middle-aged man—a man too old to bear arms.

"I've glanced at my hands, too, a thousand times, only to learn a brutal truth.

"They are soft and white—strangers to the production line where only skilled hands are wanted now."

"What can I do?

"Only last night I found the answer as my eyes fell on my wife's knitting bag and my ears caught the click of her knitting needles.

"I could give to the Red Cross. I could answer its urgent call for funds, now so sorely needed.

"I could give to the limit of my means to aid and comfort those who are giving so much more.

"Yes—I could do something. Not much—but something.

"And I have—today."

Give and give generously—to your local chapter—to volunteer solicitors. Give when you can, where you can, as much as you can

SEND CONTRIBUTIONS TO YOUR LOCAL CHAPTER

AMERICAN RED CROSS
WAR FUND CAMPAIGN

This page contributed to the American Red Cross by the publishers.

WATCH YOUR STEP—ADOLF!

☆ THE Ides of March! They are coming along in a few days now. By the old Roman calendar, they were what we today call the equinox—the beginning of spring.

Probably every American boy and girl of high-school age knows that the Ides of March turned out tragically for Julius Caesar. This was the same Caesar who not only divided Gaul into three parts, or maybe found it that way to start with, but also trampled all over Europe with his legions of merciless helmeted soldiers.

Caesar had ambitions. He had so many ambitions that they never quite added up. After conquering all of Europe and after landing in Britain twice, he thought it high time to devote his attention to his native city—Rome.

And in those days Rome was powerful. The whole picture was smaller then, of course. Rome was only a city, plus a few suburbs; but cities—before Christ was born and for some time afterward—bossed the whole parade. A city—let's say Milwaukee or Pittsburgh or Birmingham—could tell the whole world where to get off. There weren't any nations then, as we think of nations today. There just were cities.

Well, Rome was the biggest. And the meanest. And the toughest. Rome ran the world.

☆ THIS brings us back to Caesar. "If Rome runs the world," said Caesar to himself, "and if I run Rome—who runs the world?"

"Caesar!" echoed his pals.

So Caesar bumped a lot of his opponents off, and then Caesar made a lot of promises. Result? He was appointed Consul, which is just about the same as being President. But that wasn't good enough, so he finagled a little and had himself appointed Dictator. That must have gone to his head, because pretty soon he had himself appointed God.

Does this sound familiar?

What happened to Julius Caesar isn't particularly important today, except as history. According to Shakespeare, this Dictator Caesar hired himself a soothsayer, and what the soothsayer said was, "Beware the Ides of March." But Caesar, being a dictator, was not a good listener. So he didn't beware the Ides of March, and that was the day that a bunch of his closest friends ganged up on him and liquidated him.

These days, of course, though Adolf Schicklgruber Hitler still believes in soothsayers and still consults them, most intelligent men don't. Certainly most Americans don't.

☆ WHY don't we? Because we don't have to. We have something better. We Americans can read. Not only can we read, but our Constitution lets us read—lets us read anything we want. . . . We can read history. We can read anything.

And we can think and say anything we like.

What we know, which is maybe what Adolf Schicklgruber doesn't, is that no tyrant, no dictator, no self-styled "god" has ever beaten the slow, inexorable forward march of history. What we know is that a free people—free to read, to think, to speak, to act—is and has always been a mightier force in the sight of history, which is another way of saying the sight of God, than any evil or any combination of evils on the face of the earth.

So watch your step, Adolf!

Your days are ending. Not being soothsayers, we can't tell you the precise date. This isn't a play by Shakespeare. This is history. And we Americans are helping to write it.

MARCH 7, 1942 · · · LIBERTY · · · VOLUME 19, NUMBER 10

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LESSONS FROM INSIDE

BY JOHN GUNTHER

Author of Inside Asia, Inside Europe, Inside Latin America, etc.

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

☆ I'VE just returned from six weeks in wartime, war-bound London—six of the most stimulating and exhilarating weeks I ever spent anywhere. I visited bomber stations and coastal defense establishments; I met eleven Cabinet ministers, including Mr. Churchill; I talked long hours with old friends; I interviewed the heads of six refugee governments; I looked at plenty of destruction; I learned something about courage, common sense, hope, and sacrifice.

There are lessons in contemporary London for every American, now that we too are engaged in the greatest war in history, fighting the same heinous enemy.

No Londoner who lived through a really big blitz—like the one on May 10 last—is ever likely to forget it. No one who felt the hot breath of a land mine on his cheek is ever quite the same again. Everybody I met in London had at least one blitz story to tell—stories of heroism, comic relief, fear, narrow escapes, acute discomfort, harrowing agony of mind. I heard what London looked like when thousands could not get home from work, when the glass was inches deep on every street, when fires lit up half of London, when the gas and water failed, when—one small odd touch—burglar alarms kept ringing all night long because shop windows had been broken. Nor can any visitor to London fail to be shocked at the amount of material damage done. Some streets look like the ruins of Herculaneum. Some streets have simply disappeared.

Nevertheless, the first point I would make in this article, the first lesson I would attempt to draw from the experience of England, is that bombing, no matter how savage, no matter how merciless, is nothing to be afraid of. Do not worry about bombing.

I was about to write, "bombing never wins." Perhaps that would be an exaggeration. Bombing *might* win, if it went on long enough on an immense enough scale. But it hasn't won so far. The British people have beaten the blitz to date.

Amazingly few people are killed by bombs. Comparatively few are made homeless. Greater London contains more than 8,000,000 people; scarcely 60,000 live in public shelters now, and many of these could return to their homes if they wished. Bombing causes lack of sleep, yes; it may disorganize transportation temporarily; it may set some bad fires; but it does not destroy a city, it does not vanquish a people, if the people have stalwart spirit. What Londoners hated most about big raids was the noise. That and the lack of sleep.

The most common reaction to raids among ordinary folk is, first, anger; second, courage. Once, when bombs were falling like lumps of rock out of an apocalyptic sky, a woman stood outside her burning house, shook her fist upward, and shouted, "Bloody child's play, I call it!"

Once, surveying the broken ruins of a residential street where house after house had been blotted out, a visitor asked the air-raid warden what he thought about it. Imperturbably—and with complete good humor—the warden replied, "Seems 'e [Hitler] was a little extra-spiteful last night, sir."

The British government has in effect reversed its bomb-shelter policy. At first the authorities sought to concentrate on deep shelters—shelters far underground, where every one would be comparatively safe. They soon gave up this idea. If the population of London had stayed underground on the night of December 29, 1940, London might have burned down over their heads. The idea now is that all able-bodied men and women should stay *above* ground, watching on rooftops and putting out fires. Anybody, even a child, can put out a small incendiary bomb if he gets to it quickly enough. And very, very few people get killed.

So, first of all, I would say to people in America: Bombs may come. Take sensible precautions. Bombs may cause destruction. Bombs may be a nuisance. But don't be afraid of raids. Do not fear bombs. You can conquer them.

A greater enemy than bombs—I speak quite seriously—is boredom. There have been no serious raids on London since early summer (though other British cities have been pasted

BRITISH COMBINE PHOTOS

OBSERVER CORPS

Three, well along in years, on watch for bombers in a post overlooking the Channel.

LONDON

London blackout, with the Houses of Parliament discernible against the sky, and in the foreground the Thames and Westminster Bridge.

hard and often), and the resultant lull has produced a certain amount of lethargy and complacence. Discomforts and sacrifices are harder to bear when everything is quiet, when excitement and the sense of danger are missing. People are more inclined to slacken down, even people with morale as superb and solid as the British, when no attacks are imminent. I heard more than one Englishman say, "You know, believe it or not, we all loved the blitz!" A good sound raid shook the average Londoner out of his normally colorless and routine life. It was the kind of supreme experience when every individual saw his own fate and history face to face. I even heard Englishmen of standing and intelligence say they wished more raids would come. "What this country needs," I heard more than once, "is a good stiff raid once a month."

But no visitor, no foreigner, has any right to mimic that remark. Only those who have lived through a blitz have any right to wish for more. Consider the case of the tactless American who, leaving London after a short raidless visit, turned to his hotel porter and sighed, "Well, I certainly hate to go without seeing at least one raid." The porter looked him over and replied soberly, "My wife and child were killed in the last one, sir."

Another "enemy," if so it may be called, is the blackout. No American can appreciate the intensity and comprehensiveness of the London blackout until he's seen it—or tried to see through it. Along about 4.30 in the winter afternoon the streets begin to empty. Shops close at four, so that people can get home more easily. I have walked from New Bond Street to Park Lane, through the choicest streets of Mayfair, at about 5.15 P. M. and encountered not more than two or three pedestrians in six or seven blocks. People dive into their homes or hotels as if they were retreating into caves. At dusk the heavy black curtains are pulled over every window; by 6 P. M. London is black as pitch. (Traffic lights are reduced to small crosses and are hooded from above; automobiles use shuttered parking lights.)

The blackout, practically every Londoner will agree, is an unmitigated nuisance. It is the one thing that almost every one complains about. People yearn for light at night more than for any other single thing. The blackout condemns the great majority of people to life indoors after sundown (taxis at night are almost as scarce as eggs or oranges); it drastically impedes their instinct to gregariousness; it is a kind of emotional suffocation. Moreover, it is downright dangerous. Traffic accidents are caused mostly by the fact that the pedestrian, as a rule, can see an oncoming automobile and therefore thinks that the automobile can equally see him; but it can't. More deaths are caused in England by blackout accidents than in raids, I'm told.

So I would suggest that another lesson from London is that we in the United States avoid blackouts as long as possible, and then go in for them with great care and discrimination.

The pinch in England is severe. There is no getting around that. People eat less, simply because there is less food to go around. On the other hand, there is no real privation. No

(*Continued on page 43*)

THE WAY THINGS ARE

BY NAOMI LANE BABSON

She thought she must have all or nothing—but she had reckoned without her heart

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ THE car came swiftly down the last long hill, and the town of Seamarsh, foreshortened from a distance by the wide sweep of ocean on two sides, seemed suddenly to spread out, displaying elm-bordered streets and white New England houses, two or three churches, schools, and a town hall, and a small but active Main Street—showed itself, in fact, much like any one of a dozen towns on the coast north of Boston. But to the two in the yellow car it happened to be home, therefore unique and satisfactory. Sandy Pepperell, who had not always lived there and claimed somewhat deeper affection on that account, had just finished declaring she'd rather have one Seamarsh blueberry bush than all the palms in Florida, poinsettias in Hollywood, or sagebrush in Wyoming. But her companion, native born and bred, could take berry bushes for granted, even now in late October when they burned like dark red flames in the pastures near the sea rocks.

"They're all right, I guess," he said in reply to Sandy's raptures. "Always been there, and always will, most likely." And only his slow grin showed he was teasing her.

"Oh, you!" Sandy retorted, making a little mouth. "You wouldn't enthuse, not if wild horses dragged you, I suppose. You love it just as much as I do, Steve, only you didn't have to find it out by living all over the map the first ten years of your life."

" 'We do not need to travel, we were born here,' " Steve quoted gravely, turning right where High Street angled into Main. It did not make much difference what he and Sandy said. Being together was for them like a deep tide of happiness; words floated on it sometimes, and sometimes not. They knew how to be companionably silent, which was in Sandy's mind almost the final test; she hadn't yet noticed that Steve's quietness today stemmed from a greater reserve than usual. He followed the crooked narrow street that had plainly never been laid out but only allowed to grow as it would for a century or so, to the big white house, austere and charming, where Sandy lived with her grandparents.

When he had stopped the car, he sat with his hands still on the wheel, flexing his fingers round it, and Sandy beside him made no move for a moment. It was as if they were reluctant to let go of the bright autumn afternoon spent in each other's company. Almost every Saturday Stephen managed to be in Boston, meeting Sandy when she came from work at noon. They would lunch together, and sometimes go to a matinee, a museum, or a lecture, sometimes just drive home lazily, giving the car its nose, Stephen would say. Today, because of the brilliant weather, they had gone for miles along the New Hampshire beaches and into Maine.

"It's been fun," Sandy said.

It was always fun with Steve, and always would be. They were planning to be married in the spring—a fact well known to every one in town, though it had not been formally announced.

She said, "I'd ask you in, but you know how it is. A houseful of babies eating milk toast, and getting their nightdrawers on and wanting to be read to. Suppertime is really something nowadays."

Three babies, actually. Becky, who was five, and Don and Davy, three apiece, being twins and just the same age, as their sister was fond of explaining. And Susan would be there, looking like an older, paler Sandy, trying to listen to them all at once, and see that they drank their milk and didn't squabble, and had nose drops and milk of magnesia and spankings when indicated, and prayers and good-night kisses all around, and never, never letting them guess that she was sad or worried, with half her mind on the news from China and the dark threat of war in the Pacific—Oh, Sandy knew! And she had her own opinion of a brother-in-law who felt that his duty to a college in West China outweighed his responsibilities to a wife and three children home in America.

Four months ago Jim had gone back from furlough, leaving the family behind to join him later, when conditions were improved. Fat chance of it, the way things looked at present, but still he did not speak of coming home. None of my business, Sandy told herself, but if I were Susan—

She was not, however. She was Sandy, with her own life to live, that enchanting, thoroughly satisfactory life that was ninety per cent being in love with Stephen Ross, leaving only ten per cent for all the other things, like worrying over Susan, and her only brother Philip, now flying for the navy; like her devotion to Grandmother and Grandfather Pepperell,

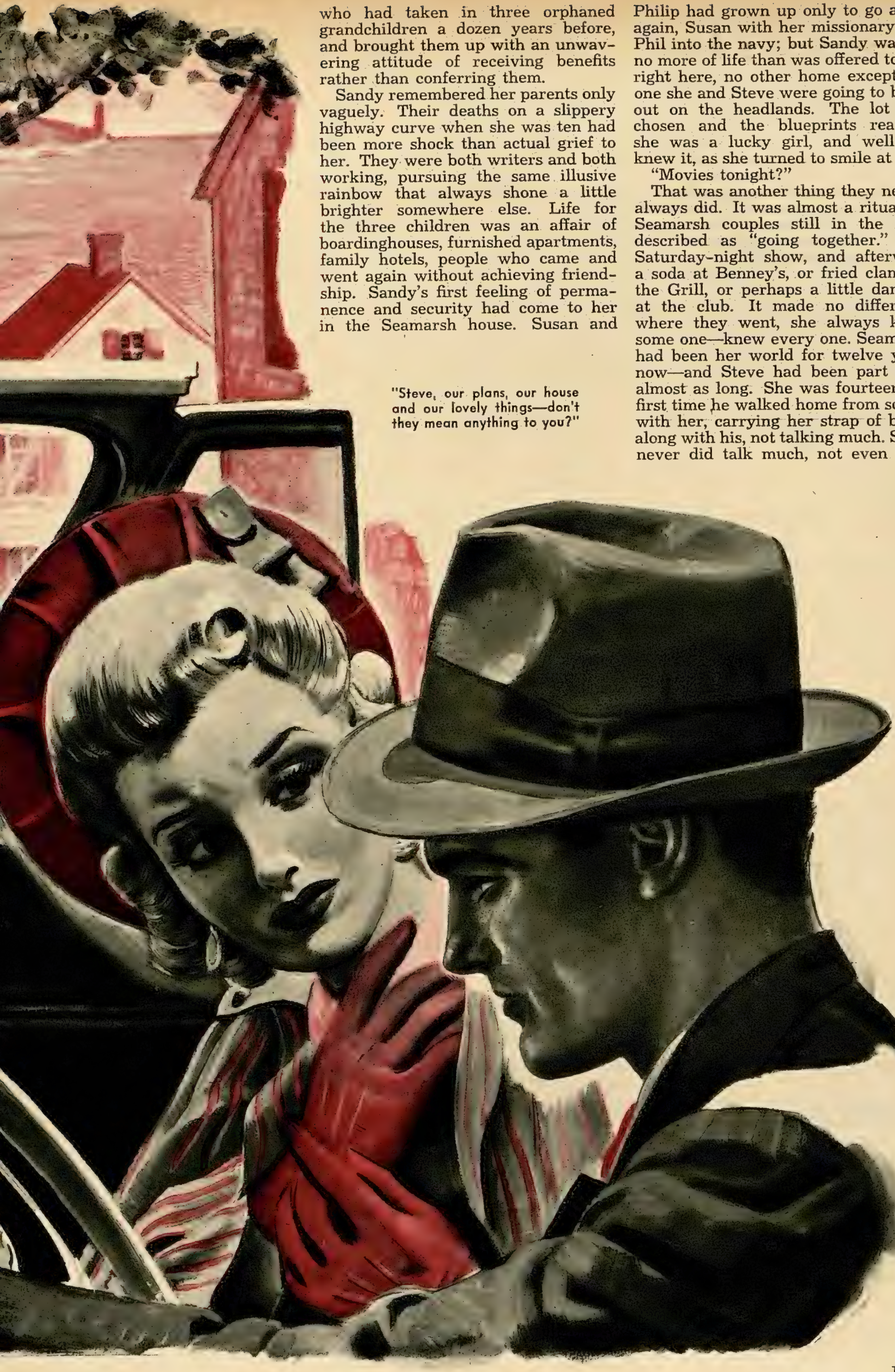
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCHUCKER

who had taken in three orphaned grandchildren a dozen years before, and brought them up with an unwavering attitude of receiving benefits rather than conferring them.

Sandy remembered her parents only vaguely. Their deaths on a slippery highway curve when she was ten had been more shock than actual grief to her. They were both writers and both working, pursuing the same illusive rainbow that always shone a little brighter somewhere else. Life for the three children was an affair of boardinghouses, furnished apartments, family hotels, people who came and went again without achieving friendship. Sandy's first feeling of permanence and security had come to her in the Seamarsh house. Susan and Philip had grown up only to go away again, Susan with her missionary and Phil into the navy; but Sandy wanted no more of life than was offered to her right here, no other home except the one she and Steve were going to build out on the headlands. The lot was chosen and the blueprints ready—she was a lucky girl, and well she knew it, as she turned to smile at him.

"Movies tonight?"

That was another thing they nearly always did. It was almost a ritual for Seamarsh couples still in the state described as "going together." The Saturday-night show, and afterward a soda at Benney's, or fried clams at the Grill, or perhaps a little dancing at the club. It made no difference where they went, she always knew some one—knew every one. Seamarsh had been her world for twelve years now—and Steve had been part of it almost as long. She was fourteen the first time he walked home from school with her, carrying her strap of books along with his, not talking much. Steve never did talk much, not even now.



"Steve, our plans, our house and our lovely things—don't they mean anything to you?"

She realized that he hadn't yet answered her question about the movie.

"What's on tonight, anyway? I forgot to look."

"Don't know," he said. "Listen, Sandy—" He had planned to get this over with much earlier—at lunch, he thought, driving up to town that morning; but at lunchtime Sandy was full of talk about an antique table she had seen, and some hand-woven blue-and-white linen. "Just made for our house," she said, "if I can squeeze it into the budget," and a kind of sparkle came into her voice and eyes, so that he was reluctant to break that mood with what he had to say. This afternoon, he told himself; but the afternoon was nearly over now, and his mind was weakly hinting that tonight—as if it would be any easier then. "I heard that my number will come up in a week or so," he said.

* * *

SANDY'S gray eyes were on him, unalarmed. "Oh? But I thought you were way down the list."

"So did I. Guess they've been finding too many flat feet and weak hearts."

"Oh, well," she said. "You don't have to go anyway, thank goodness, Steve. You're needed where you are."

"Yeah," Stephen said. Though he was only twenty-five, he had been managing the Ross Tool Company ever since his father died two years before, and they were busy with defense contracts. Steve could get out of the draft all right, they both knew that. Now we are coming to it, he thought, and felt a faint premonitory tightening of his muscles.

"Sandy, if they will take me, I think I ought to go," he said. "There isn't anything at the plant that Dean can't manage."

"Dean?" Sandy echoed, not thinking about him though, thinking only about herself and Steve, and feeling something as cold and hard as a wall of ice that stiffened around her heart. "I don't quite get it," she said. "Dean has been there all the time."

"That's just the point." Dean Ross was Stephen's cousin, injured at birth so that he went through life with one arm withered. No question of the army in his case—somehow, it was impossible to speak even to Sandy of the look in Dean's eyes when the draft was mentioned. But he could manage the business perfectly well. "It's just that I can't kid myself any longer," Steve said to Sandy. "I know I'm not needed there if Dean takes over."

"I suppose he told you that."

"On the contrary, I told him."

"I see," she said.

There was a little pause. In those few moments, with so few words spoken, they had gone immeasurably far from each other. Dusk came on swiftly, and Mrs. Elkanah Todd, going home late from Garden Club, greeted them almost coyly. So sweet to see them sitting there, she thought. Such a dear young couple, and going to be married before long. It was lovely.

"But I thought you were glad—I mean, I thought that you wanted not to go," Sandy said at last. "It means postponing everything—our plans for spring, building the house, all that."

He said, "Not everything. We could be married right away, if you are willing, Sandy. Have these few weeks or months, however it turns out. And afterward—"

"Yes, afterward?" she broke in. She was thinking of Susan, and of her brother's wife, Enid. Philip was on duty in the North Atlantic—Iceland, maybe. Even Enid didn't seem to know exactly, and she was here in Seamarsh with her mother, expecting her baby almost any day, and, just like Susan, hugging the radio for news, watching for mail. . . . I couldn't bear it, Sandy told herself.

"Steve, I can't let you go."

He had a little smile for that, half tender and half sad. He's not even asking me, she thought; he's only telling me. His mind's already made up. But she went on trying. "It isn't as if you had to go; you can get out of it. Every one expects you to be deferred."

"Then every one is going to be fooled," Steve said. His face tightened up a little. He wasn't much of a talker; words weren't easy for a thing that went so deep. "Sandy, I kind of hoped you'd understand that this is a matter of—of principle."

"Principle!" Sandy said. A cold, formal, abstract word, set in her mind against warm, lovely dreams. Their house with the carefully chosen views, the tulip bulbs she had already planted, the gay French prints of fruits and flowers for the stairway panels, the Pepperell coffee service grandmother had promised to give her—things that were precious less for their own sakes than as emblems of the life she and Steve would have together. "Steve, all our plans, our house and our lovely things—don't they mean anything to you?"

"Too much," he said, "not to be willing to defend them—defend the whole American way of life."

"But you can be useful to defense right here at home!"

"Maybe. But I could never be sure I hadn't chosen the easy way. After Dean takes over next week I'll just be an extra hand."

"And what will you be in the army? What's one more soldier when they have a million?"

"If you can't see it, you can't," Steve answered slowly. "I guess it's one of the things a man has to determine for himself."

Sandy was quiet for a moment, pushing cold hands together in her lap. *I can't let him go. I want him safe. I want him here with me.* Her eyes were hidden and her fair thick lashes brushed the spatter of red-gold freckles on her cheeks. At length she murmured, "Even if I say that you will have to choose?"

And Steve said, "Even then."

* * *

LAMPS had been lighted in the house before Sandy went in. Susan's children were already in bed, and Susan, in the living room, scribbled on the daily letter—forever writing letters when she wasn't reading them, Sandy thought. Grandmother had her Red Cross knitting; and it came to Sandy's mind that this was the second war she had knitted her way through, seeing her son go off that first time long ago, her grandson now, and taking it very calmly as far as one could tell. Perhaps things didn't hurt so much when you grew old. Grandfather had the Seamarsh Times spread out, reading about those Rooshians not too happily, for it was hard to find himself called on to admire what he had disapproved of so long. He took his glasses off to squint at Sandy in the doorway.

"Well, Lydia," he said.

Grandfather Pepperell was seventy-eight, but it wasn't entirely old age that made him mix up people's names. He had been doing that ever since Sandy could remember, tacking names and persons together as if at random, though usually there was some thread of association in his mind—not always complimentary, she knew. Lydia—good heavens! That was the old-maid sister he'd never even liked. If he didn't want to say Sandy, why couldn't grandfather remember that she had been christened Frances? He never used her nickname. Ridiculous for a girl, he said, and not at all kind, even if she did have freckles and that unfortunate hair. . . . Beautiful hair, most people would have called it, shining like a new penny when Sandy took off her tight green turban and shook it loose. She stood for a moment, smiling rather vaguely at them all.

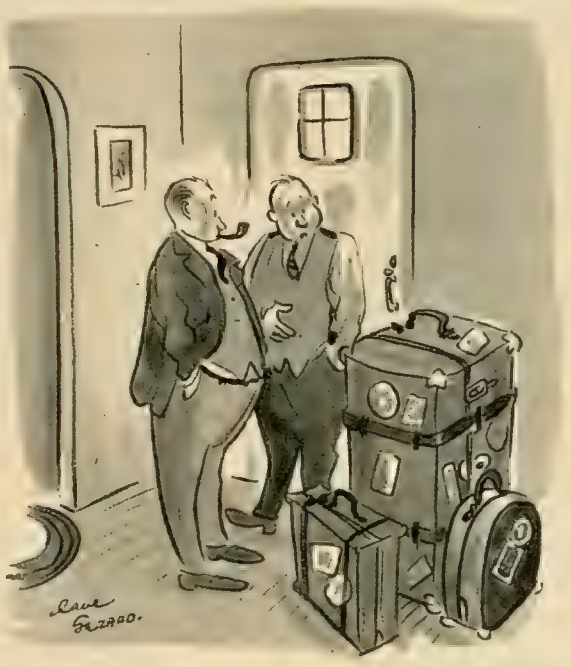
"'Lo, grandfather. Hello there, every one."

"Tired, dear?" Susan asked; so Sandy knew that her face showed something, and tried to put an extra polish on her smile.

"Not the least bit!"

"Go and wash up," her grandmother commanded, as if she were still a school child coming in. "Josie will have supper on the table in two-three minutes."

"I'll be right down." But when she had brushed her hair she stood for



BY DAVE GERARD

"It's had quite an influence on my life. She's never fully unpacked since we've been married."

a long time taking an inventory in the mirror. Rather a delicate, proud face, too pale right now. Her mouth was sensitive and her gray eyes were steady. She had freckles and red hair, and grandfather had absent-mindedly called her by the name of the family old maid. . . . And that was how it would be if she lost Steve. Nobody else for her, no one forever.

But we have quarreled, we have separated, she realized blankly. Steve meant it; I do, too. Their final bitter words came back again. She heard him saying her notions of marriage were too bound up in a house and furniture and sterling silver; love had to come first, he said. "It doesn't with you," she had told him, getting out of the car. "If it did, you'd be willing to admit you can be just as useful to defense right here at home, probably more so, than marching in fours somewhere and carrying an empty gun, just because you've suddenly developed a soldier complex." Then not a word from him.

☆

"NO movie?" Susan asked her after supper.

"Not tonight," she said, remembering to turn another page in the book she wasn't reading. She couldn't read because she was listening so hard for Stephen's car, and her heart thumped so, she couldn't have heard if ten cars came. . . . *Steve, don't be mad. Come back again and let us talk it over calmly. It's silly to lose our tempers. Listen, Steve. If you really had to go, I'd face it, I wouldn't say a word. But the point is, you don't have to, so that means you are the one who must be reasonable.* . . . A long time after that she still hoped he would come, so she could tell him that he needn't have bothered; and then she knew he wasn't coming to be told anything at all, and she went to bed before any one could see that she was crying.

Steve didn't appear on Sunday, either. In the afternoon Sandy cut the last dark red and purple asters in the garden, and took them down to Enid on the Shore Road. She walked, and the shortest way took her past the house on King Street where Steve lived with his mother. Well, why not? Why shouldn't she go that way? A memory of high-school days came back to her. She used to make excuses for going through King Street; Steve used to come out by chance. But nothing happened today. The garage doors stood wide open, the yellow car was gone. And a long-haired, short-socked Sandy, sixteen years old instead of twenty-two, vanished from the world again. She suddenly felt as old as autumn, as old as time itself.

Enid was all alone, and her eyes were frankly red, a fact which they both were careful to ignore. "Sandy, you lamb, if I'm not glad to see you! This house has been as empty as the tomb. Minnie's day out, and mother and dad have gone to Donna's, though I simply had to drive them out of the house. It's such glorious weather, isn't it, and I thought, why should they stay in all day just because I don't dare go five feet away from a telephone?" Her time was very near. There were dark circles under her eyes, and her lips were somehow forlorn in spite of the gallant chatter.

"You sit down," Sandy said. "I'll fix the flowers for you." And she turned on the kitchen faucet with unnecessary vigor, splashing water on Minnie's scrubbed linoleum. Phil ought to be here! As if it wasn't hard enough having a baby, without that extra burden of anxiety. Doubtless he couldn't help it, Sandy admitted grudgingly; he was under orders. But Steve wasn't. Steve didn't have to go. . . . Her heart turned over, and her fingers shook, picking up the asters. Not to know where he was or what was happening to him—that must be worst of all. . . . But I don't know where he is right now. They say there's a highway accident every ten minutes. . . .

The flowers looked beautiful; sunset before a storm, Sandy thought, carrying the big vase carefully back to the living room.

"Rather nice colors, aren't they, Enid?"

Enid looked up from the big chair. Her eyes were wide with apprehension, her hands clenched till the knuckles looked like little knobs of ivory, but when she saw Sandy's expression she tried to smile. "That was the second one—don't look so scared, Sandy! I guess you'd better call the hospital, though. Thank goodness my bag's been packed for the last three days. And call Dr. Rolf—no, call him first, I guess. Gosh—here it comes again."

"Oh, Lordy!" Sandy said, setting down her vase with a thump that spilled more water. "Do you know his number?"

"Four one six. . . . Oh, never mind. The folks are coming; I just saw the car. Mother will take over." She leaned back in the chair, closing her eyes; two tears squeezed out and trembled on her dark lashes. "Sandy, you wouldn't happen to know what time it is in Iceland?"

☆

ENID'S daughter was born that night, and a message went to Phil, but no reply had come when Sandy called at the hospital the following Saturday. She was home early, having come down by train. No lunch with Steve that day; no lazy, lovely drive along the beaches. She had not seen him for a whole week now. This can't be happening to us, her mind kept saying, but she knew that it had happened. Dean's promotion had been announced in the Seamarsh Times. And Steve had let a Halloween date with her go by without a word. All right, let him forget—see if I care, she thought. Her heart felt as empty as a scooped-out pumpkin, and Grandfather Pepperell continued to call her Lydia, as if he saw in her some quality invisible to others, something astringent, prim, unlovable. *I'm getting notions,* Sandy told herself, and with some difficulty remembered that she was supposed to be cheering up poor Enid.

As a matter of fact, Enid seemed in no special need of cheering. She looked very young and rosy against her pillows and talked with animation about getting out of here and buying some new clothes. "What it'll mean to wear size twelve again—oh, boy! Not that it hasn't been worth it. She's really a precious baby—even the nurses have to admit she's pretty. She hasn't got that red boiled look at all. My goodness, I can hardly wait till her daddy gets to see her."

"I think it's dreadful," Sandy burst forth, then. "Phil way off goodness knows where, and you here with this baby."

For an instant Enid's new radiance seemed to dim. Her eyes had a far-away look again, forlorn and sad.

"Oh, dear," Sandy said, "I ought to be ashamed. I'm sorry, Enid—"

"No, never mind. It doesn't matter. This is the way things are, and what can we do about it? You'll live and learn, Sandy—or else heaven help you."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean—" She hesitated, and her eyes grew thoughtful. When she spoke again, the words came slowly, meant for herself, perhaps, more than for Sandy. "You'll never get much out of life if you always wait to see the end before you dare to start. I mean—things didn't look too bright when Phil and I were married two years ago; they looked even worse before little Phyl was started on her way. But, after all, we are married, and we do have our baby. It's true I get lonely lots of times, and scared; but when I think what other people are going through, this doesn't seem like much. It's just our share of the present mess, that's all—and it could be worse."

☆

YES, but I don't want something that could be worse, Sandy was thinking as she left the hospital a little later. I want something that couldn't be better, something perfect. And we had it right here; we had it in our hands. . . .

The November world was dun-colored and cold, with hardly a trace of last week's autumn brilliance, and in the yard at home Susan and the children had a bonfire, burning up leaves and shoebox jack-o'-lanterns. Sandy went in by the side gate to watch them for a bit.

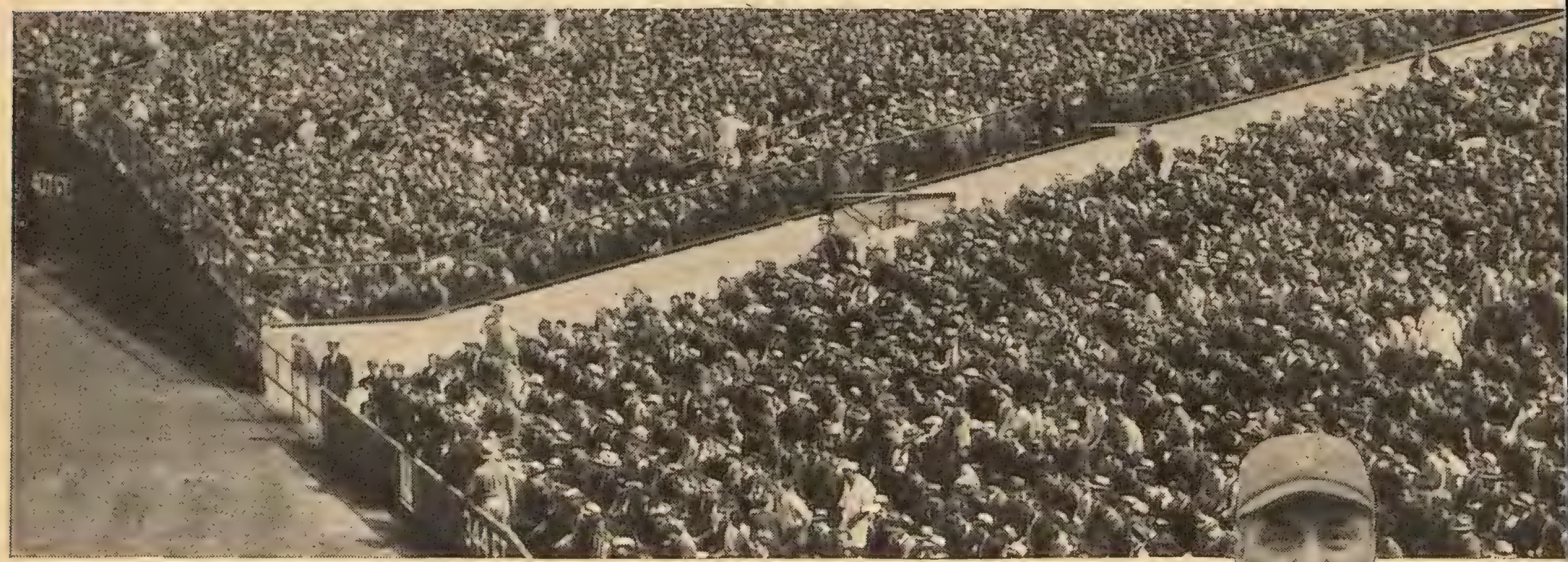
"'Flowers *in* the summer, fires *in* the fall,'" Becky was chanting loudly. "Look at my jack-o'-lantern burn up, Sandy!"

"Jack likes to burn, he wants to," Davy said, but with a worried look, as if not quite convinced in spite of adult assertions.

Sandy tossed on some leaves, and saw them curl and blaze, turn to frail skeletons, and then to ashes. Only a little while ago green leaves on summer trees, now dry and lifeless, going up in smoke. And she felt dully that it ought to mean something, but didn't

(*Continued on page 40*)

THE PRIVATE LIFE



"Crowds were storming the Yankee Stadium." Its bleachers looked like this.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

The Yankees' biographers began last week with the club's creation in 1903, when "Ban" Johnson, American League head, sold Devery and Farrell the Baltimore franchise. The two built a park on rocky heights far up Manhattan Island. After 1906, their "Highlanders" started slipping. In 1915 Colonels Ruppert and Huston, the club's new owners, moved into the Polo Grounds as tenants. In 1918 they made Miller Huggins manager. In 1919 these three acquired Carl Mays and Babe Ruth.

After the 1920 season the colonels, at odds with each other, made Ed Barrow business manager. In '21 the Yanks became famous for devil-may-careness off the field—and the Babe totaled 59 home runs. As the race for the league pennant neared a photo finish, with everything depending upon the fourth game of a Yanks-vs.-Cleveland series, Huggins put it up to his regular pitchers, most of whom badly needed rest, to decide whom to pitch.

PART TWO—UPS AND DOWNS IN THE "ROARING 20'S"

☆ THE pitchers looked at each other, then back to Huggins, not knowing what to say. This was a new kind of way for a manager to talk.

"Well?"

Huggins was waiting. The controversy started. It ended in a decision to pitch Quinn, who though usually a reliable pitcher in a pinch, was rusty from lack of work. The Indians knocked him out in the first inning, and Hoyt was rushed to the rescue. The score was 3 to 0 when the Yankees went to bat—and scored four runs. It was a thrilling game. Twice, as the Indians came within a run of tying the score, the Babe hurled them back with home runs. In the eighth Hoyt weakened, and Mays relieved him. Cleveland went to bat in the ninth, trailing by 8 to 7, and, with two out, filled the bases.

At that point Colonel Ruppert joined Harper, Collins, Hofmann, and Hoyt in the bull pen. Unable to stand the strain, he had left his box as early as the sixth inning and had been pacing up and down under the bleachers. Now the excited shouts of the crowd had drawn him out. As Mays began to pitch to Steve O'Neill, a great hitter, he asked hoarsely:

"Hofmann, do you think we'll win? Say 'Yes,' Hofmann. Don't tell me 'No.' . . . You think Mays can get this man O'Neill, Hofmann? Is O'Neill good?"

O'Neill swung and missed for strike one. Now it was strike two. . . . Two and two. . . . Three and two.

"Win this game for me, fellows," Ruppert was pleading. "If you win this game, I'll give you anything—I'll give you the brewery!"

It was so dark that from the bull pen they couldn't see the ball. But they saw Mays pitch—the runners start—O'Neill swing. . . . And now there was a great roar from the crowd and the players were running for the clubhouse. Mays had struck O'Neill out. The Yankees had won the game. Nothing could stop them now and they rushed on to the pennant. Ruppert, however, kept the brewery.

The World Series was a keen disappointment to them. They started well, Mays and Hoyt pitching shutouts in the first two games, but the Giants beat them, 13 to 5, in the third game, and went on to win the series, five games to three—the series that year being played on a best-five-out-of-nine basis. Ruth, suffering from infection of a slider on his left elbow, was in and out of the games. The Yankees missed him sorely when he was out of the line-up.

The defeat emphasized the weakness of the Yankees in the box, at third base, and in center field. It also

This Yank was none other than Colonel Jake Ruppert himself! Not only did he "want his boys to look neat," and dress them up, but one day he dressed himself up, thus, in one of their natty uniforms, and faced a camera.

F THE NEW YORK YANKEES

BROWN BROS. PHOTO

BY WAITE HOYT AND FRANK GRAHAM

American saga, 1903-1942—The biography of a baseball team whose fame will never die

convinced Huggins, if almost no one else, that Peckinpaugh was through at shortstop. That winter Barrow and Huggins made another raid on Boston. This time they came back with Bullet Joe Bush and Sam Jones for the pitching staff and Everett Scott to play shortstop.

The 1922 season was most turbulent. The training-camp site was shifted from Shreveport to New Orleans. The players had two workouts a day—one in the ball park and the other in the Little Club, an attractive bistro just across from the Hotel Roosevelt, where they were quartered. One of the newspapermen covering the camp wrote a story that appeared under the headline:

YANKEES TRAINING ON SCOTCH

Huggins read it aloud to the players, then read the riot act to them. After that there was only one workout a day—in the ball park.

The season opened with Ruth, Meusel, and Hofmann on the side lines. They had defied High Commissioner Landis right after the 1921 series, when he had ordered them not to go on a barnstorming tour, and he had sentenced them to a six-weeks suspension, to start with the opening of the 1922 campaign. Huggins got Braggo Bobby Roth from Boston to play in Meusel's place, and substituted Chick Fewster for Ruth. With the Babe and Bob out, the team lacked its usual power; yet by the time the culprits returned it was in first place.

At this stage the dugout resembled a training camp for boxers. One of the main bouts took place in St. Louis. Pipp was in a fielding slump, and Ruth, although meaning well, had had too much to say about it to suit Wally. This day Wally gummed up a simple play, and when the inning was over he stamped angrily into the dugout and said:

"If the Big Guy opens his mouth this time, I'll let him have it."

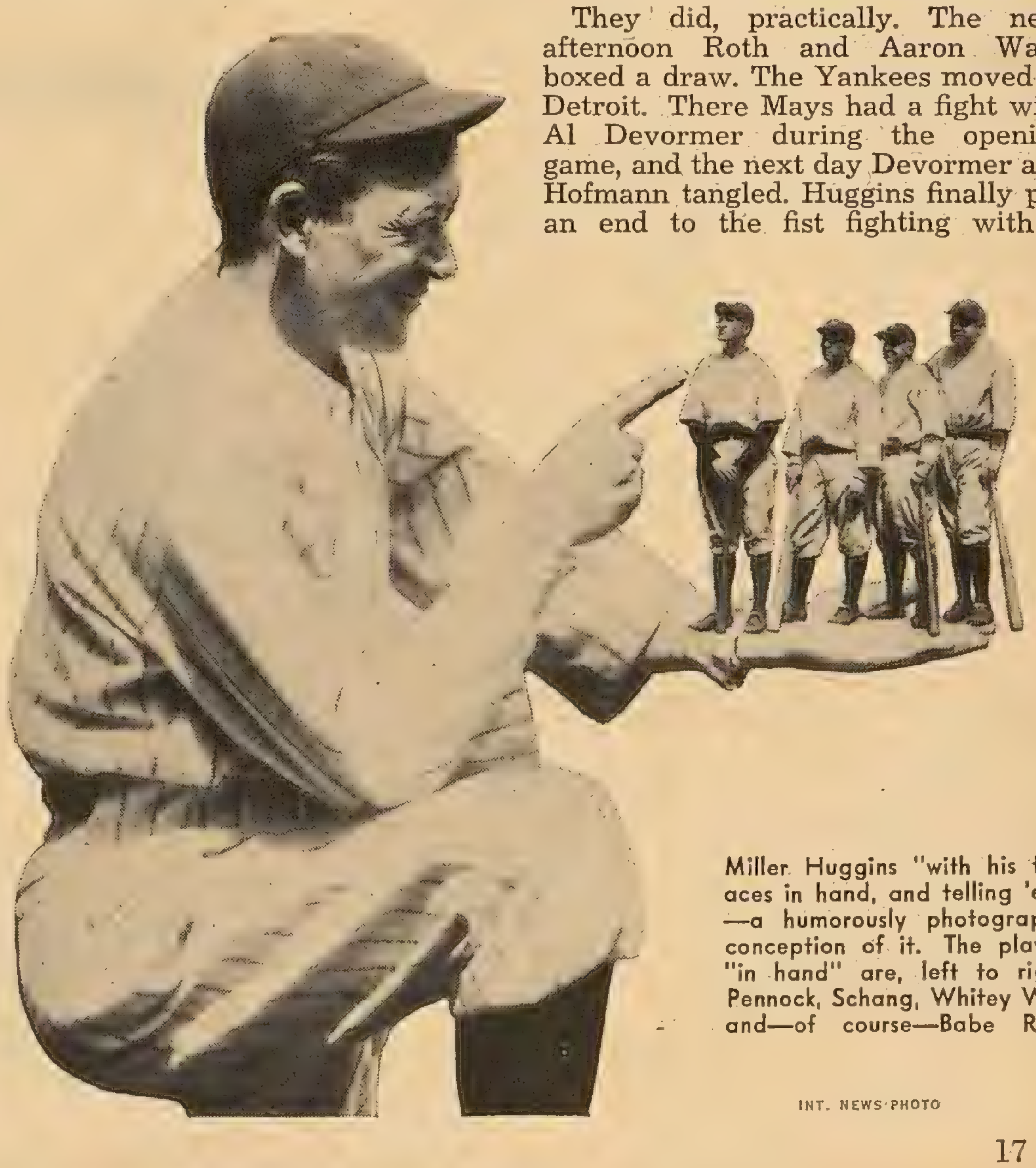
Ruth, trailing him in, bawled:

"What's the matter with you, anyway, Pipp?"

Pipp punched him on the nose. The Babe hit back. Baker—always the peacemaker—got between them and was slugged from both sides. The other players broke it up, and the quarrel was forgotten a few minutes later when Pipp, first man up in the inning, hit a homer over the right-field stand, and the Babe, who followed him, hit one to the same spot.

"You birds should fight every day," the Browns' first-base coach said.

They did, practically. The next afternoon Roth and Aaron Ward boxed a draw. The Yankees moved to Detroit. There Mays had a fight with Al Devormer during the opening game, and the next day Devormer and Hofmann tangled. Huggins finally put an end to the fist fighting with a



Miller Huggins "with his four aces in hand, and telling 'em"—a humorously photographic conception of it. The players "in hand" are, left to right, Pennock, Schang, Whitey Witt, and—of course—Babe Ruth.

INT. NEWS PHOTO

BROWN

These are the Yankees of 1923—that bright year in the spring of which their Stadium was opened.

threat of wholesale fines and suspensions.

Meanwhile, back in New York, Charles A. Stoneham served notice on Ruppert and Huston that he wanted the Polo Grounds for the Giants alone and that the sooner the Yankees cleared out the better he would like it. The colonels acquired property just across the river in the Bronx and rushed plans for the construction of the Yankee Stadium.

Before the dead line on trading for the year had gone into effect, Huggins had reached into Boston once more to grab Joe Dugan for third base, and then had got Whitey Witt from the Athletics. The Yankees, more formidable than ever, went crashing on their way.

On one of the Western trips, a strange young man who said his name was Kelly made the acquaintance of some of the players and cemented it with a few bottles of bootleg liquor and a few tips on race horses that won. Soon he was their pal, journeying with them from town to town. In Chicago he invited them to a party in a Joliet brewery and called in a photographer to take a picture. He said he wanted it as a memento.

It turned out that Kelly was a detective hired by Ruppert and Huston, who were determined to curb the social activities of the players, and that he handed in a complete and interesting report, including the picture. The only one who benefited by the exposure was the Babe. He had been suspicious of Kelly from the beginning and had bet Mays $100 he was a detective.

The pennant race was capped by a tremendously exciting series in St. Louis. The Browns were strong, with George Sisler, hitting over .400, on

Can you tell 'em apart? They're the Babe and Hug. Once one wished the other weighed fifty pounds more!

INT. NEWS PHOTO

first base, Wally Gerber at shortstop, Ken Williams, Our John Tobin, and Baby Doll Jacobson in the outfield, Hank Severeid back of the bat, and a pitching staff headed by Urban Shocker. The Yankees buried their personal differences in the soil of Sportsman Park when that series opened. They meant to win.

About the middle of the first game, Sisler hammered a ball to right center and Witt ran straight into the crowd in pursuit of it. As he leaped for it, a pop bottle struck him in the forehead, knocking him cold. There was a two-inch gash in his forehead, and Charlie O'Leary thoughtfully smeared the blood that trickled from it across his face as he was carried from the field, unconscious. At sight of the blood the crowd suddenly was sobered.

Witt had his revenge in the third and decisive game of the series. It was his single, delivered when he was sent up as a pinch hitter for McNally, that drove two runs over the plate, beat Shocker, and sent the Yankees whirling to their second pennant.

☆ HOWEVER, the Giants were even stronger than they had been in 1921, and they won the World Series in four straight games, barring a tie brought about when Umpire Hildebrand prematurely called a game on account of darkness. Public denunciation of his action was answered emphatically when Landis ordered the entire gate receipts of the game donated to organized charities in New York.

The spring of 1923 saw the opening of the Yankee Stadium. The Yankees, their pitching staff reinforced by the addition of Herb Pennock—obtained in one more foray into Boston—were at last in a home of their own and were moving into a great year. They now had their famous Six-Star Final staff—Pennock, Bush, Jones, Hoyt, Shawkey, and Mays—with George Pipgras, a rookie, to do the relief pitching. There no longer was any friction in their ranks, and Huggins was respected now and was taking his place among the great leaders of his time.

There remained but one disturbing circumstance. The quarreling between Ruppert and Huston had increased in bitterness, and Barrow had been caught in the cross fire. When even his almost limitless patience was exhausted, he announced that he was going to resign. Had he done so, it would have been a catastrophe for the Yankees. Ruppert called him up to the brewery one day.

"Ed," he said, "I'm going to make a declaration to Huston. We can't go on this way. I'll buy him out or he can buy me. If I get sole control of the club, will you stay?"

Ed said he would. Huston was ready to sell, and terms were quickly agreed upon. For the first time in its history, the club was the property of one man, and smoothness became the keynote of the organization. One of the first things Ruppert did was to dress up the team—literally—ordering two additional sets of home uniforms so that the players might always have one fresh from the dry cleaners. He wanted his boys to look neat, he said. At first the boys privately scoffed at this, but then they too took pride in their appearance, and to this day the Yankees are the best dressed team in baseball.

That was one of the brightest years of the Colonel's life. His team—and his alone—playing in his ball park, won the pennant by seventeen games, and then beat the Giants in a rousing World Series. He had Babe Ruth. Crowds were storming the Stadium. And, although he could not guess it at the time, another who was destined for greatness had joined his club.

Ruth, ever nice to rookies, and young Gehrig.

One day in June of that year the Yankees were taking batting practice. The gates were locked, and there seemed to be no one in the stands but a few of the Stadium crew, when Huggins appeared on the field convoying a young man who, if he hadn't been in a baseball uniform, could have served as a stand-in for Atlas. The kid was pulling at one ear in obvious embarrassment, and Ward said to Pipp:

"Who is it—Zbyszko?"

Hug said to the kid, "Go up there and hit a couple." The kid grabbed one of the bats lying on the ground near the cage. It was one of the Babe's pet war clubs—but the Babe said nothing. He always was nice to rookies, anyway. The kid, still plainly nervous, let a couple of pitches go by, swung at a couple and missed, then tapped one over second. From the recesses of the stand came a cry:

"Rap it up in Ruthville, Lou! Show the Babe how to hit!"

"He brought his own cheering section," Meusel said to Pennock.

The kid swung on the next pitch and hammered the ball deep into the right-field bleachers. Ruth looked stunned. None but him had ever hit a ball that far into those seats. The kid went on swinging—and losing balls in the bleachers. It was amazing.

"Who is he, Hug?" Dugan asked.

"Gehrig. That Columbia kid. He's going to be quite a ballplayer."

Some of the Yankee players were wearing out fast, and in 1924 they were beaten out by the Washington Senators. In 1925 there was a real crack-up. It began with the illness of Ruth in the spring, and progressed rapidly. Scott, his streak of consecutive games having reached 1,307, had to give up. Pipp was through at first base, and was succeeded by Gehrig, who began a record of continuous play that was to surpass even that rolled up by Scott. Witt, Ward, Schang, Bush, Jones were gone or marked for departure. Huggins was tearing the team apart with one hand, rebuilding it with the other. Earl Combs, recruited from Louisville, was posted in center field. Mark Koenig, bought from St. Paul, took over at shortstop.

Meanwhile the team tumbled down through the standing of the clubs. A spirit of unrest pervaded the players—and Ruth and Huggins got into repeated jams with each other. The clubhouses rang with their shouts.

"If you don't like the way I'm running this club, why don't you go home?" Huggins would pipe. And the Babe would roar, "Why don't you send me home?" And so on—and on. The exchanges invariably would end with the Little Miller stalking out of the clubhouse and the Babe throwing up his hands and saying, "Well, can you imagine that guy!"

☆ THERE was no malice in the Babe, then or ever. There never was a grander fellow in baseball, nor one who did more for his team; and no one appreciated that more than Huggins did. But the Babe felt that he had a position to maintain, and could not be bound by the restrictions Huggins laid upon the other players. Consequently he came and went as he pleased. Huggins, for his part, was determined that he must salvage the morale of the team by disciplining the Babe.

And so they went on rumbling. One day Ruth was provoked into saying, "I wish you weighed fifty pounds more!"

"It's a good thing for you I don't't!" Hug yelled.

The players had begun to get used to it. They no longer took it seriously. Careful not to let Huggins see them, they would smile into their lockers as the daily tirade would begin. But there came a day in St. Louis—and a smashing climax that reverberated across the land.

What sort of smashing climax? Oh, very likely you'll remember the bare facts: Hug fined the Babe five grand and suspended him "indefinitely." But for the rousing inside story—and for others equally absorbing—watch Waite Hoyt on the mound and Frank Graham behind the plate when the third game of this historical series starts next week!

THE REAL GENERAL MACARTHUR

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN

AUTHORS OF WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

U. & U. PHOTOS

General MacArthur in 1933, when as chief of staff of the United States Army he reported that with only 87,000 enlisted men instead of the authorized 165,000, and with tanks built in World War time and motor vehicles obsolete and almost worn out, the Army was "below the danger line."

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

☆ AS the fierce battle around Manila neared climax, an old army friend of General Douglas MacArthur remarked, "Doug may have to swim for it, and he can still do it. But he'll have to leave his medals behind."

At sixty-two MacArthur is stronger than most men at fifty, but his array of medals, the visible tokens of a long, brilliant career, would sink him. They include the D. S. C., the D. S. M., the Purple Heart (all with oak-leaf cluster), the Silver Star with six oak-leaf clusters, Grand Officer Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre with three palms, and so on down the line. Total estimated weight, sixteen pounds, thirteen ounces.

Those who know Douglas MacArthur are not surprised at his brilliant performance in the Philippines today. His whole life is one long glitter of brilliance.

He was even born brilliantly. His father was General Arthur MacArthur, who at the age of seventeen enlisted in the Union Army, became "the boy colonel of the West," who led his troops in a dashing charge up Missionary Ridge. In his later years the father again achieved fame for cleaning up the Philippines.

But if his father gave MacArthur a brilliant name, it was his mother who saw to it that he made the most of it.

She lived in an atmosphere of polite but nonetheless sizzling rivalry between the two outstanding military families of the country—the MacArthurs and the U. S. Grants. Each family had a boy, one year apart in age. Both boys embarked on military careers in the footsteps of their illustrious fathers. They entered West Point in the same year, and simultaneously Mrs. MacArthur, realizing the competition her boy would have from the grandson of Ulysses S. Grant, moved to the Academy. Also, not passing up any bets—or taking any chances—Mrs. Frederick D. Grant, daughter-in-law of the Civil War hero and wife of a major general, also moved to West Point to look out for the interests of her boy, Ulysses III.

For four years the two ladies stayed there, mingling with the officers and spurring their boys on against each other.

The ever brilliant Douglas early took the lead in the race. As a yearling he won the rank of first corporal. As a second classman he became ranking first sergeant. As a first classman he became first captain, and when Douglas MacArthur and Ulysses Grant III graduated in 1903, Douglas stood first in his class, his rival a close second. MacArthur's West Point record was the highest in twenty-five years. Mary MacArthur's entry had won the derby.

From then on the gap between the two men widened, until MacArthur became Chief of Staff of the Army in 1930 with the rank of full general, while Grant was a lieutenant colonel in charge of public buildings and parks of the District of Columbia.

Reason for the gap between the two rivals is the reason why MacArthur is the hero of his country today. He has dash, swagger, dramatic flair, plus great courage, brains, and a tremendous capacity for hard work. Also, MacArthur, after first entering the Engineers, was soon yanked out by his potent father, who made him his personal aide. Grant entered the Engineers and remained there.

Today the world is writing on the record of Grant's rival: "Hero of two World Wars."

To his brilliant birth, record at West Point, and in World War I, MacArthur also added a brilliant marriage. He married a daughter of the Philadelphia Stotesburys.

It was while MacArthur was serv-

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ACME PHOTO

MacArthur, a captain, on the Mexican border.

© HARRIS & EWING

In 1935, when he retired as chief of staff.

ing his tour of duty as Commander of the Philippine Department that news of his divorce reached Manila. A group of Filipino newspapermen came out to the General's headquarters and asked whether he would object to publication of the story. They would suppress it if he desired.

"No," replied MacArthur; "put it on the front page if you want to."

This increased his popularity with the Filipinos, already at a high pitch. Throughout the governorship of Henry L. Stimson, the Filipinos ran to MacArthur with their troubles, until, when Dwight F. Davis came over as governor general, they had come to look upon MacArthur as the real ruler of the islands. Davis was deliberate, taking days to come to a decision. MacArthur became more and more disgusted with him, and after a while was saying, more or less publicly, that he didn't like Davis and didn't care if Davis knew it.

MacArthur's great popularity with the Filipinos was to serve him in good stead when, in 1936, he returned as Field Marshal of the Philippine Army.

MacArthur has never lacked dramatic color at any turn of the road. In World War I the Rainbow Division was his idea, a division made up of men from every state in the Union. He served as a brigade commander in, and later as commander of, that heroic division. His personal record in action was as brilliant as the rest of his career. He was wounded twice, gassed once, and was decorated by a dozen foreign governments.

Carrying nothing but a swagger stick and always wearing an officer's cap with the stiffening wire pulled out, MacArthur was continually in the front-line trenches. His appearance made him readily distinguishable from the enemy lines, and his carelessness in exposing himself unquestionably detracted from his usefulness as a general officer. But it had inspiring effect on his troops.

MacArthur's bravery was foolhardy but colorful. On one occasion, when he wanted some information about the enemy which no one had supplied, he went over the top himself, took a German dugout by surprise, and came back with a couple of prisoners.

MacArthur had advanced from a major to brigadier general during the war, and he was the only brigadier below the permanent rank of colonel to keep his temporary rank afterward. Later Congress passed a law requiring that future promotions to brigadier general be made only from the rolls of colonels. But it was significant that this was done after MacArthur got his star. Since then MacArthur has twice been a full general —once as Chief of Staff (at the age of fifty; the youngest man ever to reach that post, which he also held longer than any other incumbent); and now again by special act of the President last December. Today MacArthur wears the four stars as Commander of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East.

Returned from the battlefields of World War I, MacArthur kept right on brilliant-careering. He became superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy, in peacetime a prize army post. This was only sixteen years after his own graduation and he was the youngest superintendent in West Point history. When he became Chief of Staff at fifty, his mother, who had played such a big role in his life, considered her job finished. She had taken good care of her son, and now he, turn about, took good care of her. He brought her to his home at Fort Myer, Virginia, just across the river from Washington, where the army furnishes its Chief of Staff with a handsome red brick house with wide verandas and a stable of riding horses.

Mary MacArthur lived there and enjoyed what might have appeared to be not only the sunset years for herself but also for her brilliant son. She was not aware of what lay ahead of him, and she did not live to see the next glorious chapter in the life of her adored Douglas. She went with him to Manila in 1935, and there, at the age of eighty-two, she died, after medicine had been sent by plane from the States in a futile effort to save her life.

The many scrapbooks that she left have not been tended since then, but they bulge with clippings about her son. Dynamic and dramatic, MacArthur has made good press copy wherever he has gone.

Despite his long brilliant career and the millions of favorable words printed about him, MacArthur still sees red when critical reference is made to his part in the Bonus Army eviction during the Hoover regime.

There was no doubt, however, that in this instance MacArthur was an unfortunate scapegoat. He has been too good a friend to the rank and file of the army to have taken any pleasure in staging a drive on the bedraggled veterans. But the orders from a frightened President in the White House were to "clean out" Anacostia flats, and MacArthur, rather than pass this thankless job to

MacArthur as a West Pointer and, at right, his father, Major General Arthur MacArthur.

some other officer, took it himself.

Time after time MacArthur, either because he didn't know or didn't care, exposed himself to ridicule. In 1933, when he was laboring under the derisive title, "Hero of the Bonus Army," he devised a new decoration for those serving on the General Staff of which he was chief.

It consisted of the coat of arms of the United States superimposed on a black-enameled star. His then numerous critics hooted at the language MacArthur used to describe the decoration, declaring it was an expression of his own personal vanity: "In each re-entrant angle of the star, three transparent green-enameled laurel leaves; the shield and glory to be in the enameled colors, stripes of white and red, chief of blue, and the sky of glory blue."

There are few in the country today who would not be willing to give MacArthur a decoration of any dimension he might name as an award of honor for his heroic defense of the Philippines. But a few years back it was different.

As Chief of Staff, MacArthur was a hero to the Regular Army because of his determined battle against the senseless economies of the Hoover regime. The present Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, says with a wry smile, "We used to have all the time and none of the money; now we have plenty of money and no time." When MacArthur was Chief of Staff he knew what those words meant: He had time but no money. The big struggle throughout his term as Chief of Staff was against economy cuts.

Roosevelt succeeded Hoover and the Budget Bureau proposed a cut in the War Department appropriation in the spring of 1933. MacArthur waged a one-man crusade against any reductions. Summoned by Lewis Douglas, Budget Director and wielder of the President's pruning knife, MacArthur stalled the cut by saying he needed time to study the matter.

Several weeks passed. MacArthur returned and flatly refused to make the requested reductions. A few days later he was summoned to the White House. There the President personally directed his Chief of Staff to comply with the necessary economies. MacArthur again asked for time to make another "study."

His defiance was so serious that rumors began to circulate that he would be replaced by a Chief of Staff more sympathetic with the administration's viewpoint. But, though MacArthur lost that particular fight, he remained in office throughout his term and longer; and all during the time he, more than the late Secretary of War Dern, fought against cuts in the army appropriation.

When MacArthur took over the job of building up the defenses of the Philippines in 1935, with the title of Field Marshal and a salary of $18,000 a year, not counting his luxurious air-conditioned penthouse apartment atop a Manila hotel, he was again confronted with the battle of getting money for men and guns. President Quezon was lavish one day, frugal the next. Few people in the United States cared whether or not MacArthur succeeded. He had been kicked upstairs, they thought, to a romantic job in the South Seas with a fat salary and a high-sounding title. It was all that any man could expect —and better than most retired officers ever got.

There were sarcastic smiles in Washington over the new title, Field Marshal. At the annual Carabao dinner in 1937, Field Marshal MacArthur was present and was subjected to a sizzling ribbing by acid-tongued George Moses, ex-senator from New Hampshire.

In '33 General MacArthur was decorated by Pershing, his former commander in chief.

"I see," said Moses, "that we have the Field Marshal with us. It reminds me of a captain in the United States Marines who went to help train a small foreign army. There he became a brigadier general and was very proud of his uniform.

"One day, while visiting in Washington, he was invited out to dinner with various American army and navy officers. He consulted a colonel of the marines as to whether he should come in his uniform as brigadier general or as a captain of the marines.

"'In Washington,' replied the colonel, 'a brigadier general of an army like yours eats in the kitchen.'"

Except for an occasional derisive thrust, MacArthur and his Philippines were rapidly forgotten. The fact is, he had little at that time to command much attention. He was not commander of the American forces in the Philippines, as he is today. He was merely a hired officer in charge of a band of ill-trained Filipinos. The American soldiers in the Philippines were under the command of United States officers.

Furthermore, for all his high-sounding title, MacArthur was the object of every conceivable opposition to his defense program. He had been promised a military budget of $8,000,000 a year, but by the time the Filipino politicians got through lobbying for pork-barrel projects and the Japanese fifth columnists got through doing their slick dirty work, MacArthur's budget was cut to the bone.

Despite these heartbreaking obstacles, MacArthur doggedly persisted on the unswerving thesis that the Philippines could be defended. For years military experts had contended this could not be done. MacArthur flatly asserted it could, and made all his plans and preparations accordingly.

Today he has a new title, but his thesis is the same. On July 26, 1941, President Roosevelt made MacArthur Commanding General of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East, thereby making him C. O. not only of the Philippine army of 125,000 soldiers, but also of the United States armed forces in the Philippines. The President's action was far from merely a personal tribute to Douglas MacArthur. It was an official declaration to the world that the United States government regarded the Philippines as something more than a sugar colony preparing for independence. The strategic islands became a military outpost which this government intends to fight for to the last ditch.

Thus by one stroke the full might of the United States was placed behind the thesis which for six years had been advocated with few listeners by Douglas MacArthur.

With this long delayed official recognition of his theory came, also overdue, a loosening of purse strings. Men and materials in great quantities were rushed to the Philippines. But by the end of 1941 it was not only United States soldiers and munitions that were moving into the islands. The Japs, too, were pouring in.

Luzon, Corregidor, Mindanao—strange names flashed into the headlines. The attack began the same day as Pearl Harbor, and every day since then the name MacArthur has appeared on the front page of every paper in the land. Mary MacArthur would have been very happy had she lived to see it. Her son had risen to the stature of a national hero for whom thousands nightly pray on bended knee.

But Douglas MacArthur could not hear the kudos. He was too busy defending his thesis that the Philippines could be defended.

THE END

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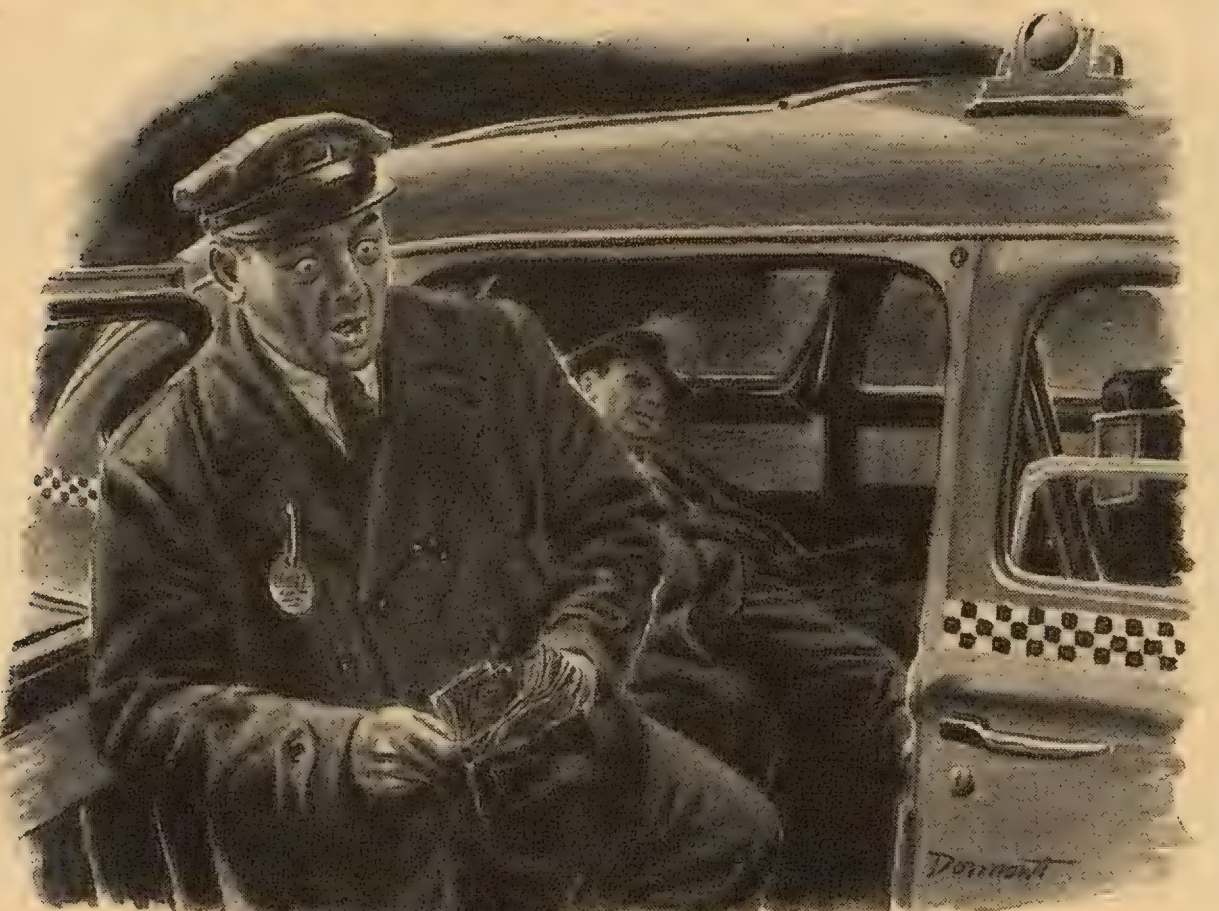


BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IT'S no use. I can't keep anything from my wife. My Amy spots a secret like a dog smells meat, and once she starts after it, I might as well give up.

"What's the matter, Mike?" she asks while I'm tasting the coffee. "You sick?"

"No," I says. "I'm O. K." I start unfolding the afternoon paper.

"You don't look right, Mike." She sits down, pushes back some yellow hair, and leans across the table, worried. "Your stomach all right?"

"Fine," I says. But I begin to squirm. "It's nothing, Amy. Just a—a little trouble I had with the cab last night."

"Mike!" All of a sudden she's scared. "You didn't *hit* anybody!"

"Hell, no," I says. "Nothing like that." And then, first thing I know, I'm telling her, and I sound as bad as I feel. "I guess I was a fool last night, Amy."

"What happened, Mike?"

"Well—I'm cruising along Madison, about four in the morning, and I'm thinking how we could use a few hundred bucks, you and me. I'm thinking we got no right having a baby, being broke the way we are, and living in a furnished room—"

"But, Mike," she says, "it'll be all right! Four-five months from now, when you get the cab paid off, we'll have money. We'll move into an apartment—"

"Yeah," I says. "Sure. Four-five months from now. Meanwhile, with the baby due . . . Well, never mind. I'm cruising in the Sixties when this drunk yells for a cab. He's so cockeyed I got to step out and help him into the seat, and he stretches out, ready to go to sleep. I got to shake him plenty before he tells me where he wants to go. It's an address out in Whitestone. Then he curls up and starts snoring."

I stop talking then and drink a little coffee. There's no use telling Amy about the things that keep stringing through my mind while I drive over the bridge to Long Island. The baby's due in less than a month, and I got plenty to be jittery about, with hardly enough cash to take care of the doctor.

"So what happened with the drunk, Mike?" she says.

"So we get to Whitestone," I says, "and the meter reads two forty. It's a wooden house on a dark street. I talk to the guy, but he won't wake up. I go around and shake him. No soap. He's out for the night. I switch on the light—and then, Amy, I see his wallet on the floor. It's a fat wallet, open, and full of bills."

By this time I'm looking straight at the coffee cup. I don't want to talk to Amy's eyes. My voice is low.

"You know what I see in that wallet?" I says. "A three-room flat, Amy, all furnished. Rent paid for maybe six months. Plenty of stuff for you and the baby too. . . . I'm picking it up, and look back at the house. The windows are dark. I look along the street, and there's nobody around. My hands kind of shake when I count the bills. Eight hundred dollars, Amy. *Eight hundred dollars!*"

"Mike," she says, and her voice is a high, scared whisper. "Mike, you didn't—"

"I dragged the guy across the lawn and left him snoring on the porch. Then I got into the cab and drove toward New York. Fast. With the wallet in my pocket."

"Mike!"

"Yeah. Eight hundred bucks—and safe. I feel fine. I feel wonderful."

Amy stands up, and I know she's looking at me like I pulled a Jekyll-Hyde in front of her eyes.

"Only," I says, "by the time I'm back near the bridge I don't feel so good any more. Don't ask me why. Maybe I just lose my nerve. Maybe I'm yellow. Maybe I'm thinking too much about you and the kid."

Amy whispers, "What—what did you do, Mike?"

"I turn around and head back for the police station out there at Whitestone. I don't want to go back and leave the money on the guy, drunk the way he is, so I go to the police station and hand over the wallet. I tell 'em the guy lost it in my cab."

I look up, and Amy's eyes are wide and shiny. She comes around the table and takes my face in her hands and kisses me right on the mouth.

"Mike," she says, "you're O. K. I love you, Mike."

"And I says to the sergeant—how about taking my two forty fare out of the wallet? But he says no, he can't do that. He puts down my name and address and says they'll ask the guy to send it to me. So now I even got to wait for that."

I shake my head and pick up the coffee cup. The newspaper is there, next to my hand, and I look over it while I'm drinking. Amy's running her fingers through my hair. All of a sudden I let out a yelp.

"Amy!" I says. "Amy, look!"

It's there in the newspaper. It says how a guy in Whitestone was arrested by F. B. I. men who'd been hunting him for seven months. What led to his arrest, it says, is a wallet turned in by a cab driver. The guy is wanted for passing phony bills, and his wallet is filled with eight hundred dollars in counterfeit.

Amy and I read the whole story. When we finish, she looks at me and kind of shudders. "Mike, if you'd kept that money—" And then, after a long time, she whispers, "Mike, do you think the government pays *rewards* for a thing like this?"

"I don't know about rewards," I says, with a groan. "All I know is, there goes my two forty!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short publishod in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

A Gallant Lady...
CAROLE LOMBARD

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

In To Be or Not to Be—her last picture, made with Jack Benny.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

☆ "BEFORE I say good-by to you all—come on—join me in a big cheer—V for Victory!"

Her arm went up, the fingers on one hand making the V symbol, V for Victory—gave the crowd a grin in answer to the rocketing cheer—and was gone.

It turned out to be Carole's good-by to us all, her last appearance before any camera, that newsreel shot in Indianapolis where she sold more than two million dollars' worth of Defense Bonds.

V for Victory—what glorious last words! I hope that's the way everybody will remember her.

Because of them that final conversation I had with Carole became more and more significant. But in thinking about it, I realize that it didn't begin that day on the San Fernando ranch of the Gables, it actually began upon an afternoon of a New Year's Eve several years before.

I'd flown from New York to Hollywood on a rush job and dropped into Clark Gable's dressing room to say hello; the first time I had seen him since the Carole Lombard romance began to look serious.

I was feeling like a mother hen, not an unusual state for me but a little ridiculous when the chick was Clark Gable. But the things I knew he wanted were so darn simple. Women kept serving him squab and terrapin when all the Moose wanted was corned beef and cabbage or a steak and fried potatoes. There had been one flaming love affair that backfired and a lot of people got hurt. There had been two marriages that just couldn't be right. This time he ought to get a break. His basic integrity, his loyalty, his true simplicity, an almost shy inner fineness—he deserved the best.

Carole Lombard—I wasn't sure.

Her marriage to Powell went through my mind in swift review. The day down at Malibu when I saw her with Bill for the first time. A slim girl in brilliant red slacks and a white blouse, a huge mandarin hat over her blonde hair. Under a beach umbrella with the blue Pacific and the white sand as a background she was a magazine cover. Decorative, but at first glance typically Hollywood. Carole was a girl who took a good deal of knowing, otherwise she was just funny and screwball and lovely to look at. In fact, then she hadn't even started being funny—that came to life under the tutelage of Powell and Barrymore and Crosby, who encouraged her to give free rein to that vein of mad humor. Nothing unusual then, except I remember saying later to Bill Powell, "That Lombard girl has charming manners—which always suggests brains to me."

And she was tremendously interested in an awful lot of things. That remained true always. You might put Garbo at one pole and Lombard at the other when it came to talk. How that girl loved to gab! She would talk about anything; she had ideas and intense curiosity about everything on earth from how an airplane could fly to all the questions they now ask on Information Please.

For almost a year after that first meeting she kept Bill Powell waiting. Then she married him and it proved to be a mistake.

I can fit the sudden and unexpected divorce that followed into the pattern of Carole's inner life as I know it now; but then I was as shocked and disappointed as anybody. They had been so picturesque and stunning; their marriage was like something written by the author of The Thin Man—all full of witty lines and amusing honesties and gay and charming things.

But down the road of that marriage, around the bend of a year or two, Carole saw inevitable disaster. When she was a kid in her teens Carole worked with Buck Jones and Tom Mix in Westerns and learned from them—as she learned something from everybody she ever came in contact with—that when you see trouble coming that's too big for you to handle, move fast and keep on moving and save all you can. It took great moral courage to fly in the face of public opinion and misunderstanding,

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, snapped by a newsman's camera not long after their marriage

but once she knew her marriage wasn't going to work, Carole moved fast and saved much. Once she saw that there were deep and fundamental differences between her and Bill as husband and wife which would degenerate into quarrels, into ugliness, she didn't wait for any of the messy cruel things which are called grounds for divorce to happen. She used the surgeon's knife — swiftly — cleanly — with decision.

Weeping as though her heart would break, she put her arms around him and said good-by to him as a husband. But she saved him as the best friend any woman ever had. That came to me in a rather fine way when I saw that she was the pal and comforter beside him at Jean Harlow's funeral. And Gregory La Cava, who directed them in their greatest picture, My Man Godfrey, told me they were like a congenial, loyal brother and sister.

Any woman who keeps the men who have been in love with her as real and true friends is quite a gal. Carole always did.

That was part of Carole's inner life, that unspoken determination to make quick, clean decisions, to take her loss and get out, without squawking, without recriminations.

"She did what she would have wanted another woman to do as far as her friend Bill Powell was concerned," some one who knew once told me. "That was a trick of hers. Figuring out what she'd want somebody else to do where any friend of hers was concerned and then making herself live up to it. Sometimes she was wrong, but she played it the way she saw it."

Russell Birdwell, Hollywood's sensational press agent of Gone-with-the-Wind fame, told me a story about her not long ago. Like every man who worked closely with her, Bird adored her. He told me how she stormed into his office one day, perched on the edge of his desk, and delivered herself with her accustomed violence of the following:

"Who do we think we are? This is a very swell country we live in. It is a free country. I went to a very good high school myself, and that was free. We give people a fine place to live, and hospitals, and bridges and roads and protection and an army and a navy and J. Edgar Hoover and sanitation and parks for the poor kids to play in and clean up the slums and have minimum hours and wages and the best paid people on earth and colleges to make doctors and engineers and clinics to teach women how to take care of their babies and who do people think is going to pay for government of the people by the people and for the people? Me, I'm lucky I'm not getting ten bucks a week behind a counter or ten cents a dance and don't I know it! With me—it's all right about taxes. What I have left over after I pay them is all any one woman is entitled to."

That year she earned $487,000, which is fantastic, of course, but she brought it into the box office or they wouldn't have given it to her. Of that, she had about $60,000 left.

"Which is probably too good for me," said Miss Lombard, "though Fieldsy will see to it that I save it for my old age. But I want you to put it in the papers how I feel about it. I would like some of these squawkers to know."

Modern to her fingertips, with the career girl's independence and viewpoint, still she had principles. And abided by them. There wasn't much sympathy in her for whining little sin and self-indulgences. She kept her mind as hard as her body.

Some of these things I knew and

Seven years ago, with Fred MacMurray in the comedy, Hands Across the Table.

A high in hilarity was My Man Godfrey, made with ex-husband William Powell.

Carole and Fredric March stage a rea
istic battle scene in Nothing Sacre

n an early picture with Fredric March, he Eagle and the Hawk, made in 1933.

Carole's leading man and dancing partner in Bolero was George Raft. (1934)

In Twentieth Century, John Barrymore encouraged her great talent for comedy.

some I did not that afternoon of New Year's Eve when Clark and I sat in his dressing room. We had talked in the past of many things important to us both, so I felt I had the right to ask him, "Clark, do you love her?"

I wish I could remember exactly what he said. The words were simple—he's a simple guy—and they told me that there wasn't anybody like her, that he would rather have the rest of his life with her than with anybody he ever knew. You could trust that little screwball with your life or your hopes or your weaknesses and she wouldn't even know how to think about letting you down. She was more fun than anybody, but she'd take a poke at you if you had it coming and make you like it. And if that added up to love, he finished, then he loved her.

Their marriage was a good, happy, down-to-earth thing, with no rose-colored glasses. Their love was never blind—it was open-eyed and sure. She made a full-time job of being Mrs. Clark Gable, and when she found it made them better companions, closer, that it amused him, she went back to the screen. If he had felt differently, pictures would have lost her. You see, she had grown and learned since the days with Bill Powell. Her sense of values had grown, too. This time, to keep her marriage happy, she would have left her work if it had been necessary.

"Your wife died in the service of her country. Her brilliant work for the Treasury this week in selling Defense Bonds in Indianapolis will be long remembered and honored by us all." Those words were written by the United States Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, to Gable.

The President of the United States wired him, "Mrs. Roosevelt and I are deeply distressed. Carole was our friend, our guest in happier days. She brought great joy to all who knew her and to the millions who knew her only as a great artist. She gave unselfishly of her time and talent to serve her government in peace and in war. She loved her country. She is and always will be a star, one we shall never forget nor cease to be grateful to. Deepest sympathy."

Those are fine words to have, splendid words to come from the commander in chief of our armed forces in the time of our great battle against evil. Great words for one American woman to have earned. They must have brought Clark Gable great comfort.

I have wandered a long way from that last conversation with Carole, but after all I am only trying to give you a clearer memory of her, and the things she said that day mean much more when you know her better.

"Do you believe in God?" she said to me that last time, suddenly, when we were sitting in her back yard.

Now, I had never thought of Carole as what we call a religious woman. I had become aware that there was an inner pattern to her growth, that she had a set of laws by which she ruled and guided herself. But until that moment I hadn't thought about her philosophy of life exactly as a religion.

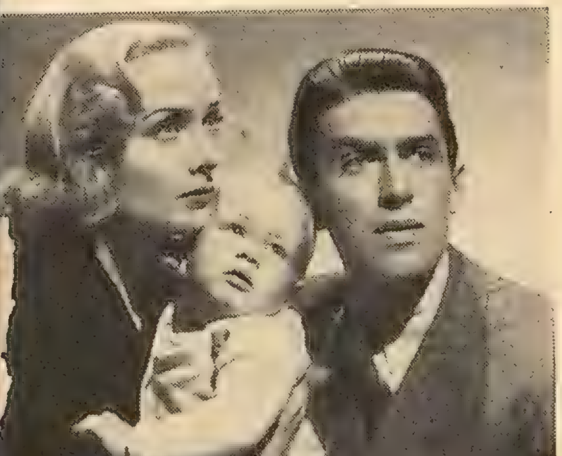
I said I did believe because all through my life I had had proof.

"Do you get solemn about it?" Carole said. "I don't seem to get solemn about it and some people might not understand. That's why I never talk about it. I think it's all here—in the mountains and the desert. I don't think God is a softie, either. In the end it's better if people are forced back into—well—into being right, before they're too far gone. I think your temple is your everyday living."

We talked about children. She sat as she so often did, one knee up and her elbow resting upon it and her chin on her hand. Her eyes were very intent. I said I was enjoying my grandchildren. It gave me great joy to know that when my sons went away in uniform, they had gone to make a safer world for the little fellows and that made it all worth doing.

Carole wanted children, as she always wanted more and more life, more and more light. But she could not see herself with them as they grew up.

"I never can see into the future at all," she said. "I guess I'm too busy living every day, or something. Look—I'm not afraid of growing old. I think it's wonderful. Look at Bessie—my mother. She's nine times the woman I am. It sounds sort of nice.



ames Stewart played opposite Carole i the 1939 hit, Made for Each Other.

With Charles Laughton and others in a scene from They Knew What They Wanted.

In her last picture but one, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, with Robert Montgomery.

When you're out of all the tailspins of youth, when you're content, like Clark and I are, and have learned not to let emotional high blood pressure hit a boiling point and knock you all silly, then you begin to enjoy everything. So much you missed when you were skittering around when you were a kid.

"But I never can *see* myself growing old. I don't have any pictures of how I'll look or what I'll do. I can see myself with a little baby, but not with a baby grown up."

She did not seem distressed about it. She said it simply, a little curious, as she always was, but not with any sense of premonition or foreboding. She had always faced everything—walked forward fearlessly.

And then she said the thing that has helped me so much ever since.

"I like it when the going is tough," she said. "If you wait for everything to be just right in your life, you'll never get any happiness. You have to fight for it and get it anyway, and the minute you start fighting anything, you've won. The end doesn't matter. We're so dumb we maybe don't even know what the end is. There's got to be something after this—after this life—where you can use all you've learned here or nothing makes any sense, and too many things make sense for the guy behind it all not to have sense too. When you're in there fighting, you always feel so clean. Ugly things drop away. I guess God never lost a fight. The only time you're a cinch to lose is when you won't fight for what you believe in."

That was long before Pearl Harbor. It seems strange that she should have said it.

But it was also a cinch that Carole would be in there, and quick, after the Japs woke us up, after the fight was on at last. She'd be the first one out there selling bonds, doing anything and everything—*doing* it.

And because she was like that, she can become a sort of symbol to us. She can bring us a message. We can keep her alive and give her a new name that will delight her.

Carry on. That's her message.

Carry On Lombard.

It always fitted her, that name. It fits her now more than ever.

I've been thinking about the picture she had just finished with Jack Benny. It's an uproarious comedy, of course, and it seemed for a moment as though it would be awful to sit in the theater and see her laughing and clowning and hear her voice when you knew that she was gone.

That's wrong. It would be unfair to cheat Carole of those last laughs she left us. She'd feel terrible, she would really, if she thought all she'd poured into trying to make the world laugh in its hour of pain and trial and sadness was wasted. No different, she would have said, from reading a book, if I'd written a book that might make somebody laugh. Carry on.

Today all over the world men and women have lost all they hold dear in the fight for freedom. It's tough, losing Carole. It was tough losing those boys who were with her. But this is no time to stop and weep—not when there's a job to do.

That's why Carole means so much today. Not one movie star. Not one lovely clown gone in the very prime and beginning of her life, since those are today the shining targets of death, the young and strong who fight for us and for our children in many lands.

But she can symbolize to a nation which just happened to know her and love her, better than some of the other heroes who have already fallen, the first great personal chance to catch the stride of the martial music to which all must march now.

THE END

The colorful, vibrant Lombard at various stages in her career. The third picture from the top shows her in To Be or Not to Be, which she finished just before her death.

GIRL MEETS GIRL

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

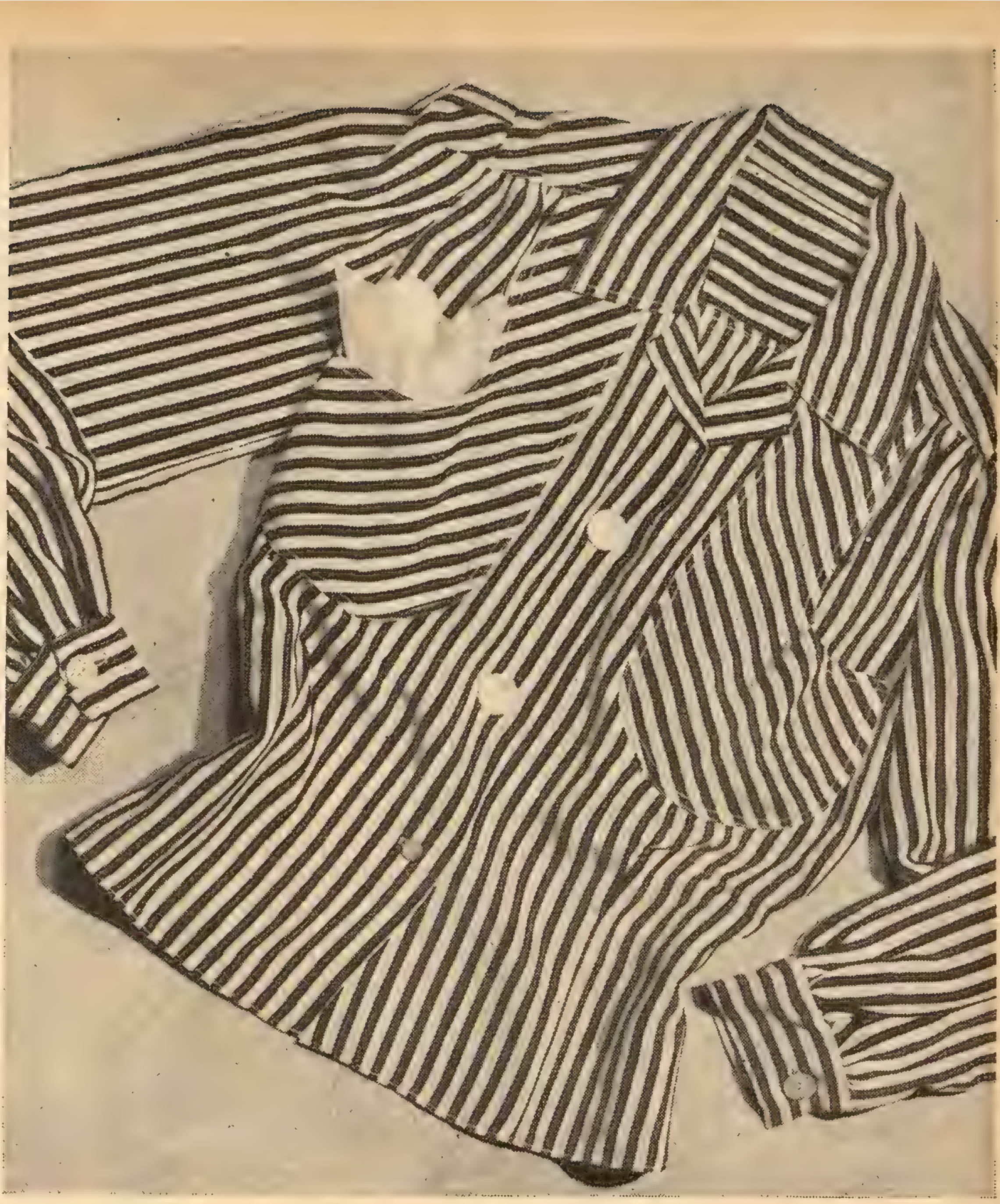
READING TIME • 1 MINUTE 50 SECONDS

☆ FAIR warning—be prepared! Spring is almost here. Don't wait until way after that famed first robin to go spring shopping. Remember the early bird and the worm, and go at once, while the things you buy can benefit your winter-weary wardrobe.

Remember, too, that it's your duty to lead a double life this wartime. You are a hard-working girl all day and you must look like a dream girl by nightfall.

This page is devoted this week to spring propaganda that will do wonders for your morale—some "quick changes," all available in the stores, and none of them too hard on the pocketbook, either.

They will lend first aid to your Spring Song if, like mine, it is the I-haven't-got-a-thing-to-wear blues.

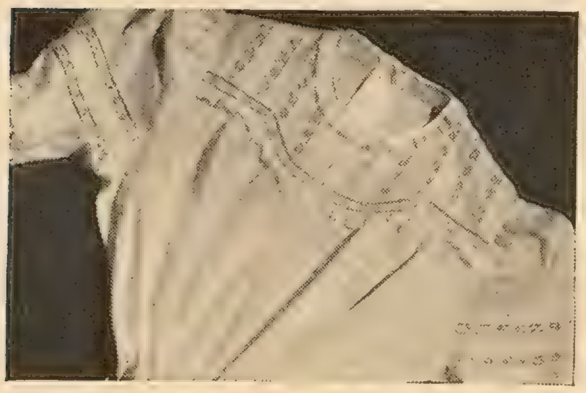


This new Joan Kenley blouse comes in stripes of various colors for about $3.50.

Belts are important, and here are three to fill your needs: A copy of a Sam Browne in felt; a capeskin-and-gold kid for gayer doings; a leather uniform belt.

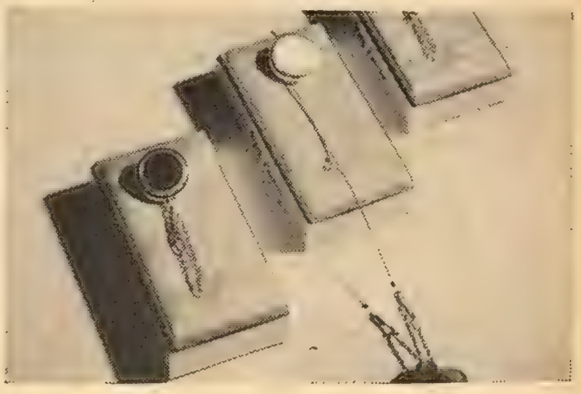
A classic anklet sandal and a "sensible" brown leather oxford that flatters the foot, gives comfort, and is a real find at about $4. The anklet costs $4 too.

It's called Token Box, and it's irresistible, with its guest size of sweetly spicy soap, toilet water, a sachet, and talc, plus a frame for the man you fancy.



For your fluffier moments why not adopt this imported batiste blouse? The baby bib will make you look angelically appealing. In white only, for about $3.

Even sweaters are made of Nylon nowaaays. This wearable-forever pullover feels like the softest cashmere and comes in unbelievably beautiful colors at about $4.



If you are a menace because you lose keys, these "Key-Keepers" will be good news. They cost only $1, come in three styles and all colors, and are very easy to work.

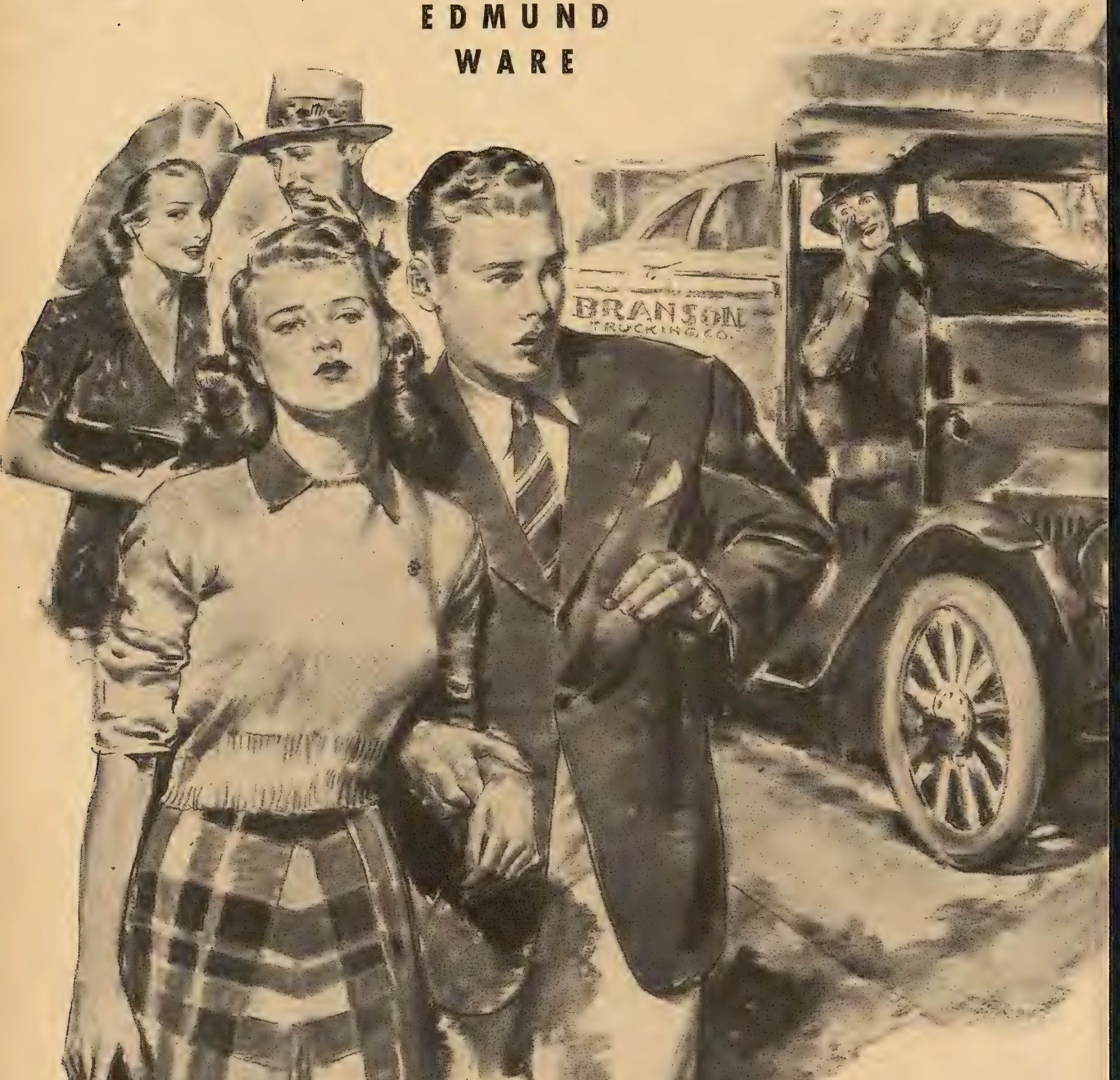
NO ONE'S OBSCURE

Came a crisis, and father did pretty well for a man who wasn't in Who's Who

BY EDMUND WARE

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ UNTIL the night in June when his family so cruelly disillusioned him, Henry W. Branson had taken himself for granted as an exemplary husband and father. He obeyed all the rules of punctuality, and strictly if unimaginatively

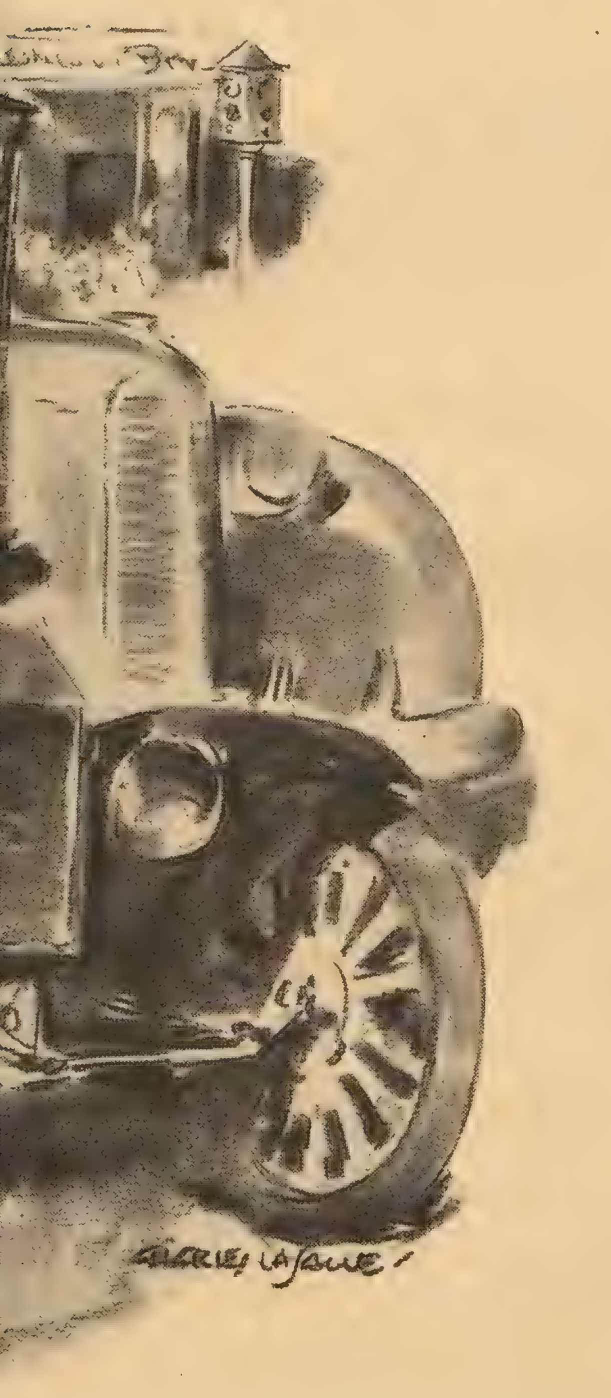


"Hi, Kim! Rosalie! Co on. Give you a ride hom

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LA SALLE

observed wedding anniversaries and the birthdays of his two children, Elfreda and Kimball. He also assumed that he understood his children, his wife Janet, and even himself.

Henry Branson was a brisk, sturdily built man in his early forties. While he considered his lifework sound and worth-while, he had never thought of himself as a power in the community, much less a pillar of society. He didn't like the word society. It made his neck itch by association with stiff collars and the dress shirt—his only dress shirt—which had lain in its coffin of cardboard in a bottom drawer these many years.



Henry was sole owner of the H. W. Branson Trucking & General Transportation Co. His fleet of sleek green trucks, six in all, was the pride of his life. Sometimes he would stay up late and sneak off to the big warehouse to watch Slim Kuski, or Bojo Bowen roar away for some far destination with a load of produce. Or, at home, Henry might glance at his watch and say to his wife: "Well, Janet—Red Birchall's just pulling up in front of Duffy's Diner on Route 20 for his first shot of java."

Janet Branson, slim, pretty, and usually serene, had shrewdly convinced her husband that she was interested in the whereabouts of trucks in the dark watches of the night. Henry himself checked them with the accuracy of an air-line operator. But, actually, Janet was far more interested in her two children and their culture. The hairy and hard-boiled Red Birchall could jolly well take care of himself. The same went for trucks.

Henry had never questioned the validity or social status of his enterprise. Trucking had provided well for his loved ones. Janet enjoyed the services of a housemaid and afternoons of bridge at the Country Club. Her cultured friends on the faculty of the university invited her to their exclusive parties. She was indebted —silently—to trucking for the expensive music lessons of her thirteen-year-old Elfreda. Kimball Branson, fifteen, had recently returned from his first year at a swank prep school, tuition paid by checks bearing the imprint "H. W. Branson Trucking & General Transportation Co." Moreover, the Branson home was of brick. Its bathrooms numbered two, and radios three, not counting the portable which young Kim regarded as absolutely essential to his social advancement among the fair maidens of the neighborhood.

☆

ON the very evening of his disillusionment Henry Branson had never felt more secure in his good works. He had been requested to speak before the Lions Club, of which he was a leading member. In the past few years he had addressed this sound, cigar-smoking group three times—each time on the subject of his trip down the Allagash River back in 1920. But tonight, as he stepped from the speaker's platform, Henry noted that the handclapping was not as prolonged as before.

"Guess I better switch to some other subject next time I'm honored," Henry brooded. "Say possibly trucking, and truck routing, and so forth."

As he strolled among the tables where his friends sat, Henry's ego was more severely deflated. Acquaintances waved and smiled at him, but their real attention was focused on one of the younger Lions, who was telling of a wilderness expedition to the mouth of the Albany River on James Bay. If there had been any glamour at all in Henry's Allagash journey, it paled and perished as his ear caught the names of such wondrous waterways as the Opichuan, Little Current, Ten Sleep, Ogoki, and the mighty Albany itself.

Henry comforted himself by thinking secretly of trucks, the poetry and beauty of trucks, and of one truck in particular—Old Bango, so named for the splendidness of its backfiring. Years ago Old Bango had comprised the entire fleet of the H. W. Branson Trucking & General Transportation Co. It occupied a corner of Henry's truck garage, like an ancient horse turned free to graze. Henry enjoyed telling people that he would gladly sell Old Bango—for a hundred thousand dollars.

Henry glanced at his watch. It was half past nine. Just time to go down and fool around with Old Bango—and memories. When Henry arrived in the huge dim-lit truck garage, he found Red Birchall checking tires on the new job.

"Howdy, boss," said Red, snaking the air hose from under the huge gleaming truck. "What's up?"

"Just thought I'd take Old Bango out for a little airing, Red. Kind of bring back old times."

Red smiled with amused understanding. Half a generation younger than Henry, Red Birchall preferred his trucks with five speeds forward, three reverse, and air boosters on clutch and brakes. He had heard, of course, of planetary transmission, but asserted it reminded him of astronomy.

"Want me to crank the old baby for you, boss?"

"No; you go right ahead. I'll crank her myself, Red."

When the new truck had gone, Henry approached Old Bango reverently. Except for odd jobs and short hauls locally, it hadn't been used for years. Henry set his spark and gas, went around front, pulled the choke wire and spun the crank. Old Bango's motor caught and she sputtered into life, filling the garage with smoke.

Henry climbed into the cab and pressed the low-gear pedal. Old Bango shuddered, gathered herself, and churned off down the river road. Henry, his hands pleasantly greasy from the steering wheel, hummed a tune of contentment. He was young again, and his son Kimball was very young and sitting beside him in the cab. Thinking of Kim with sudden fondness, Henry put Old Bango into neutral, retarded the spark lever, and then gave the engine full throttle. The resulting backfire awoke roosting chickens within a wide radius and was deeply gratifying to the spirit of Henry Branson. "Kim sure used to love to hear her pop off," he mused happily.

☆

AT about the time Henry left the Lions Club, his son Kim, in spotless white flannels, blue jacket, and saddle shoes, was seated on a sofa in the austere living room of Professor Aretas Heyward, Ph. D., Eighteenth Century Literature, Norwood University. Next to Kim sat the professor's radiant daughter, Rosalie. Within the past hour Kim had become convinced that all the other girls he had visited since his return from prep school were mere scullery maids compared to Rosalie. Kim was attempting to tell Rosalie how he felt through means of his portable radio, which perched between them on the sofa and gave forth the wailing of a hot clarinet.

"Rosalie," said Kim, his cheeks flushed, "I think you're pretty. No kidding."

"Oh, Kim," she responded, gazing at him sweetly over the radio, "do you honestly?"

There was a brief pause for station announcement, and the spell was broken. Kim stood up and straightened his tie. His glance roved nervously over the book-lined walls of the living room.

"Some bunch of books," he murmured.

Since the conversation had drifted toward fields of erudition, Rosalie, too, jumped up. Passing lightly over such works as Grove's Dictionary of Music, Translations from the Icelandic, by Hinderwood, and Nothing But Wodehouse, edited by Ogden Nash, Rosalie selected a chunky red volume, rather snootily entitled Who's Who in America. The current issue had just arrived in the Heyward home. Rosalie, opening it at the H's, pointed with a tinted fingernail to her father's illustrious name.

"See, Kim?" she proudly asked.

Kim drew near her to read. He was acutely conscious of Rosalie's sweetness, of the glow of her complexion, of the touch of her shoulder against his. But as he read the evidence of Professor Aretas Heyward's academic might a feeling of obscurity fell dark upon him. By what tragic circumstance was he merely the son of a father who dabbled in trucks? Why hadn't his father, like Rosalie's, written such profound papers as A Critical Essay on Pope's Essay on Man? And by what sordid accident was his father a member of the Lions Club and not of the Academy of Arts and Sciences?

"Your old man's certainly pretty famous," Kim managed.

☆

ROSALIE, unaware of the sadness which had clouded her visitor, indicated further examples of her father's eminence. "See this, Kim? Isn't it simply gorgeous?"

Kim dutifully read the title of Professor Heyward's latest publication: The Rationale of the Heroic Couplet in the Eighteenth Century.

"Say, that's really something," the boy commented. But he had had enough of another's fame. "Let's play the radio some more, Rosalie. Fats Waller and Artie Shaw and—"

Rosalie, at the peak of her cultural stride, seemed loath to descend so abruptly. "Couldn't you possibly get some Brahms, Kim? I just love Brahms. Don't you?"

"Yuh. Not bad at all."

"Do you like the Piano Quintet in F Minor?"

Kim mopped his forehead. "Well, uh—"

"I do, and especially the scherzo."

Kim fingered two quarters in his trousers pocket. He brightened a little. "Let's not play the radio. Let's walk down to Burrel's Drugstore and get a Jumbo Banana Royal."

"How perfectly lovely!" said Rosalie, Brahms forgotten.

At Burrel's Drugstore, Kim regained confidence. Manfully ordering two Jumbo Royals, his superior gaze settled briefly on the poor youths whose fathers had been unable to provide them with anything more than orangeade money. Rosalie, too, was impressed. Kim spoke of the long gay summer ahead of them.

"I get my driving license next month, when I'm sixteen," he remarked casually. "My father's going to let me drive our new car, too."

"Oh, Kim! Just think — actually driving!"

"There'll be Junior Dances at the Country Club. Of course I'll invite you to them—all of them."

"How simply lovely!"

Kim's spirits had totally recovered when, out on the sidewalk on the way home, Rosalie let him take her arm protectively. But a moment later, at the intersection of Main and South, a new blow staggered him. Halted in traffic at the spotlight, at the wheel of the town's most disreputable vehicle, was his father—his own father. Old Bango's loose connecting rods clattered hideously above the smooth purring of more refined motors. Kim stared wildly about, hoping to find an alley into which he could escape with Rosalie. Too late! His father had sighted them and was waving merrily from Old Bango's cab.

☆

"HI, Kim! Rosalie! Come on. Give you a ride home."

As they climbed into Old Bango's cab, Kim was sure that a thousand pairs of eyes were leering at him. He kept his own straight ahead. The light turned green. Old Bango groaned forward. Henry W. Branson put his hand affectionately on his son's knee.

"You're getting my white pants greasy," said Kim stonily.

"'Member how you used to love to hear Old Bango sound off?" said Henry, oblivious to Kim's mood.

"Uh-huh."

"Well—listen to this."

Henry backfired Old Bango resoundingly. A policeman cocked a stern ear, recognized Henry, smiled and waved. Heads turned. Small boys commented shrilly on the vintage of Old Bango. But all this was as nothing.

Rosalie Heyward, her delicate nostrils recoiling, murmured, "I smell onions, don't I?"

"Sure do," said Henry Branson. "Five hundred pounds of 'em in the back of Old Bango. Slim Kuski's goin' to deliver 'em downtown in the morning. Never realized they were aboard till I got clear down on the river road."

Having left Rosalie at her house, the Bransons proceeded homeward. Henry left Old Bango in the driveway and stalked into the house behind Kim. He was just in time to hear his son say:

"Mother! Dad picked up Rosalie and me in that old truck. Right at the corner of South and Main! And the truck—oh, gosh, mother! It was loaded with onions!"

"Not really!" said Janet Branson, her lips straightening. "Your father wouldn't do such a thing."

"Well, I did it," said Henry, closing the front door behind him. "Thought they'd get a thrill out of it. Thought it would please Rosalie."

There was a stunned silence while Henry's loved ones gazed at him. His daughter Elfreda, who was practicing some simple MacDowell pieces on the piano, spun around on the stool, from which she confronted Henry with shocked eyes. "Revolting! But definitely revolting, dad!"

Henry, feeling vaguely undermined, walked to the empty fireplace and leaned an elbow on the mantelpiece. The continuing silence dazed him. He looked into his wife's eyes for comfort and guidance. None of his family had ever before questioned the sacredness of Old Bango. What had happened?

"Henry dear," said Janet, "you simply don't understand how Kim feels."

"How does he feel?"

"Insulted," sighed Elfreda from the piano stool, "shamed, crushed—in *her* presence, too! A truck, *that* truck—with onions! Erky!"

Henry Branson's ears hummed as the blood suffused his face. Janet noted his rising ire with alarm.

"Henry. Careful, dear. Kim's adolescing, you know."

"Damn it, he's not going to adolesce in this living room!"

"How," inquired the lofty Elfreda, "can any one help adolescing?"

Henry looked at his son. Kim's thoughts seemed to have drifted off into the stellar spaces of his humiliation. He stood stone-still, eyes dark with suffering, as he quoted from some tragic source: "We are nothing but an obscure middle-class family."

Kim's sister was probably the only one in the room who fully understood him. She touched a melancholy chord on the piano and whispered: "Trucks, trucks, trucks!"

"Elfreda!" Janet snapped. "Stop being silly!"

Kim, gazing at the ceiling, said: "If dad only wouldn't paint his name on his trucks, it would help. No one would know who they belonged to then."

Henry Branson said nothing at all. He was no longer angry. He was bewildered and shaken. His solid world fell from under him as Kim continued:

"Oh, dad! If you'd only do something famous you'd be in Who's Who, like Professor Heyward. Your name would be in the papers."

☆

JANET'S heart was touched by the groping uncertainty of her husband's voice as he said to Kim: "Look, son. Did Professor Heyward ever lecture to the Lions Club, like I did tonight? Did he?"

"No, dad," replied Kim, his voice pale with irony. "Just Foreign Policy Luncheons, Ford Hall Forum, and the Academy of Arts and Sciences, that's all. Not the Lions Club."

Henry glanced dumfoundedly at his wife. What was this, his crime against them? Where had he failed them? Janet gave him what, for her, was a mincing smile. She was trying hard to stay on the fence, but teetered rather markedly toward the children.

Turning again to his son, Henry said almost pleadingly: "That Lions Club talk will be in the paper."

From the piano came a sharp, reproachful chord. "Just the Gazette," breathed Elfreda. "Definitely inadequate."

Kim, with the air of one who is considering self-destruction, echoed, "Definitely."

For the first time in the seventeen years of his marriage, Henry W. Branson made an exception to his rule of not swearing in the presence of his family. Then he apologized and clumped upstairs to bed. Janet hurried after him, which of itself was satisfying.

"Darling, don't be so upset. They're just children. Just dreaming, Henry. They adore you. And you know I do, too."

But Henry Branson's faith in trucks, trucking, and himself had been shattered. Was he just a child playing with toys? Was Old Bango just a trinket? What did his family expect of him? His name in the papers! Who's Who in America! Who's Henry Branson? You couldn't win a Pulitzer Prize in the trucking business. You couldn't win the kind of fame they demanded of you. Had they been secretly laughing, belittling him, during all the Christmases, the birthday celebrations, the winters and the summers that were past?

* * *

HENRY lay staring in the dark, estranged from all the things he had once held so dear to his stout, good-natured soul. Rather grimly he looked at the radium-dialed bedside clock, thinking: Red Birchall's just rolling up to Aunt Maggie's Beanery outside New Haven. And, doggonnit, if my own son was worth his salt he'd be right there with Red!

"Or would he?" asked the rapier voice of doubt.

The next morning Henry furtively searched the Gazette. On an inside page he found the following:

"At a meeting of the Lions Club last night in the Chromium Room of the Lincoln House, Henry W. Branson, head of a local trucking firm, again described his trip on the Allagash River. Lantern slides were shown."

This notice, like a perfunctory and final straw, determined Henry Branson's course of rebellion against family, trucking, and his own growing sense of ostracism. He would do something dramatic, even physically dangerous. He would do it casually, reckless of self. They didn't need him. They scorned his world. What did it matter if he bade them farewell and vanished into the wilderness?

"Janet," he announced one humid evening, after the children had retired, "I'm going on a long vacation."

"What's that, dear?" inquired Janet, perking up. Henry hadn't wanted or needed a vaction in years. His very work was vacation to him.

"Vacation," coolly repeated Henry. "Long one."

"Why, Henry! How perfectly grand! Where are you going, dear? Who's going with you?"

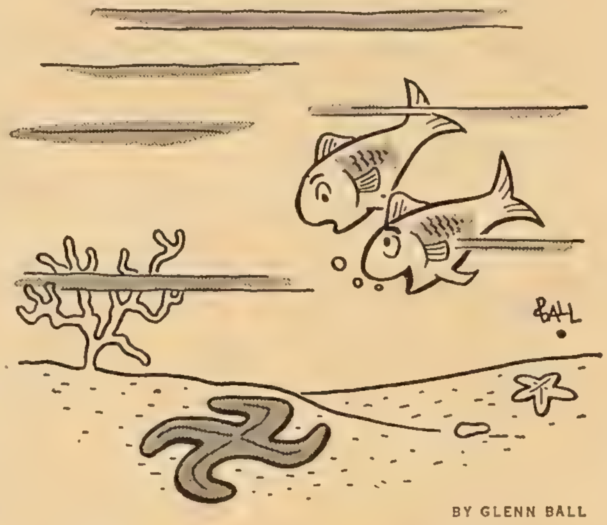
"Albany River, James Bay," Henry casually revealed. "Or—the Maine woods, at least. I'm going alone, too—except for one guide. Be gone several weeks."

It did not seem to Henry Branson that Janet was sufficiently impressed. His feeling of futility deepened. After only once expressing fear for his safety in the untracked forests, she said:

"Well, it might be just what you need, dear. Working so hard all these years. And"— Janet thought a moment, and went on—"Kim's been feeling sort of gloomy and restless these days. I think while you're gone I'll take him and Rosalie Heyward up to Pine Lake in New Hampshire. They can play tennis and swim and get suntans. Besides, Professor and Alice Heyward are planning an auto trip."

"Go ahead and do anything you like," said Henry curtly.

Janet gave him a shrewd look.



BY GLENN BALL

"Its mother was frightened by a German submarine"

"Henry dear, what's got into you?"

"Nothing," said Henry, gravely doubting it. "I simply want to get away from everything."

Once having made his boast, Henry Branson stubbornly carried it through. He was homesick and lonely before he reached Bangor. He had begun to worry about his business. He had concealed in his duffle bag the routing sheets and loadings of all his trucks for the next two weeks, including delivery and time commitments. "Just like a darn puppy burying a bone," he ruefully told himself as he drove northward up the Penobscot Valley.

A week later, fly-bitten, sunburned, the odor of insect dope cloying in his nostrils, Henry and his strangely unconversational guide were camped on a point in Two Otter Lake, stormbound. It was too rainy to fish, too windy to travel on the lake by canoe.

"When you think she'll let up?" Henry asked his guide.

"Maybe tomorrow. Maybe not." The guide, squatting against a rock, had been staring off across the tossing water for an hour. "Boat comin'," he remarked.

"Coming this way." Henry observed. "Wonder what they want?"

Henry recognized the boat as belonging at the head of the lake at the lumber camp where he had left his car. The helmsman brought her around the point into the lee, nosing into the tiny beach.

"Hate to carry bad news, Mr. Branson, but thought I'd better find you if I could."

The helmsman passed Henry a crumpled note. Henry felt the blood thumping in his temples. Had anything happened to Janet or the children? Had one of his trucks been wrecked and burned? Had Red Birchall, or Slim, been hurt—or killed? Henry tried to keep his fingers steady as he unfolded the note. He couldn't; he forgot to try.

> ROSALIE HEYWARD IN DERRYVALE HOSPITAL WITH SERIOUS INFECTION. CANNOT REACH HER PARENTS. PLEASE COME. JANET.

At the lumber camp Henry learned that the storm had grounded every plane from Bangor south. He called Janet over the Forest Service line, while the black, unwinking, yet understanding eyes of the lumberjacks encircled him. The wire crackled and hummed.

"Jan! How is she? How is Rosalie?"

He couldn't hear Jan's answer. The operator broke in to announce that she would relay the conversation.

"Ask her if Rosalie is in danger," said Henry.

The operator relayed the question and Janet's reply: "Mrs. Branson says to hurry."

That was all—except that into Henry poured the killing responsibility for the life of another's child. He knew that Jan had felt it, too. Jan and Kim. They had turned to him. They had called to him. Their need for him filled Henry with a strange elation. Then came fear for Rosalie Heyward—fear that he could do nothing to save her.

It was night before he reached Bangor. Headlights loomed distorted in the fog and rain, his own lights showing him nothing but the blind whiteness under which the highway flowed toward him.

* * *

AT two o'clock in the morning, eyes bloodshot from staring into the night, Henry drove into the little town of Derryvale. The still darkness of the town assailed him. He had a moment of panic, of feeling helpless in an emergency. Then he rushed up the steps of the tiny twenty-bed hospital. Lights, reflecting from the white charts on the night superintendent's desk, lanced up into his tortured eyes.

"Where's Rosalie Heyward's room? I'm responsible for her. Take me to her."

The night superintendent spoke just once from her unimaginative rule book. "You can't see her. She's very, very ill."

"That's why I'm here! Take me to her."

The room was at the end of the corridor, on the left side. The door was ajar, and within a night light glowed. Henry saw three white figures at the bed where Rosalie lay still as death. A fourth stood back against the wall. As he looked at Rosalie, it seemed to Henry that his own heart, too, had lost the beat of life.

Rosalie lay under a sheet, her lips

apart. Her face, once so delicate and lovely, was twisted and dark. Under the black upcurled lashes, her eyes showed white, dead. But, as he watched, Rosalie's hand moved and from her throat came a low spasmodic gasping.

Henry whirled. The figures in white were nothing but eyes peering at him over their sterile masks. One of the figures swayed toward him, arms reaching. It was Janet. He held her close, put his lips toward the mask which covered her mouth. She recoiled:

"Don't! Infection!"

"Jan! What is this? Why are you all in sterile gowns? You said infection. I thought of a cut. Lockjaw—streptococcus. But what—"

Jan led him outside into the corridor. Kim and the doctor followed soundlessly. The nurse stayed in the room with Rosalie. The night lights, sunk in the baseboard along the corridor, glanced upward. Henry saw Kim's eyes staring at him, depending on him. Jan's seemed darker, more intense, because of the whiteness of her gown. Directly behind Jan stood the doctor, measuring Henry with a long glance as Jan said the words that made his blood run cold:

"Infantile paralysis."

Henry listened, his forehead damp, while the doctor summarized Rosalie's case. Henry felt Kim's frightened eyes imploring him. Dr. Staples was a blunt, stubby man who believed that kindness was putting the cards on the table face up. He said that Rosalie had at first complained of sore throat, nausea; told how her fever had suddenly begun to climb; how her pupils had dilated unevenly, causing a first diagnosis of brain infection. None of her reflexes were normal. Then the swift-crawling paralysis of lips, throat muscles, and eyes—difficulty in breathing, strangling.

"We got to do something, dad," Kim said. "It's awful to see her like that, and hear her choking."

* * *

JAN'S hand crept into Henry's. Henry said nothing as the doctor concluded: "I'm certain now, Mr. Branson, that Rosalie has a rare type of infantile called bulbar poliomyelitis. The infection is at the base of the brain, which controls the areas affected."

"What are the chances?"

"This much we know," replied the doctor at once. "Bulbar polio either kills quickly, or recovery is complete, with no aftereffects. An hour ago I thought that child was out of danger—would have sworn to it."

"Well?" said Henry sharply. "What happened?"

"This is what we've run into: she can't breathe. She's unable to use her throat muscles to clear a passage in her throat. She's gradually suffocating. We haven't got the one thing that might save her."

"Tell me what it is," said Henry. "Tell me! I'll get it. My car's outside. I'll—"

The doctor shook his head. "The only thing that will save her is a Drinker-Collins respirator—the iron lung. You can't transport one in a car. The nearest respirator is in the Elliot Hospital in Keene. I've called them, but their—"

20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea, our own question expert, missed Nos. 10 and 15. Count double if you get them right.

1—For what reason is the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie remembered today?

2—What is believed to be the oldest kind of vegetation on earth?

3—On the first wedding anniversary, which would be most in order for a husband to bring home to his wife: A cotton handkerchief, a paper cup, or a wooden shoe?

4—What is known as a "Quaker's bargain"?

5—Which games require the following number of players on each side: 9? 5? 4? 12?

6—In Shakespeare's play The Merchant of Venice, what is the name of the merchant?

7—What is the difference, if any, between a gourmand and a gourmet?

8—Cork, in addition to fitting well in bottles, is an essential war material. Is it manufactured, mined, or does it grow on trees?

9—What is the apse of a church?

10—Is cheesecloth so called because it was used to wrap cheese?

11—In normal English prose (written, not spoken) which word is used the most?

12—Stream, drift, and creep refer to what things which have become more important to us than ever before since the start of the war?

13—The wax figures in the natural history museum came to life one night, and the Paleolithic Man and the Neolithic Man had a long argument as to which had reached Earth first. What was the proper answer?

14—What border dispute in the United States was recently settled by negotiation?

15—During the nineteenth century in the United States was fought what is sometimes called the "Battle of Norumbega." Over what and between whom was it fought?

16—Why were English soldiers formerly called "lobsters"?

17—What is the Panhandle State?

18—What does it mean if you seat your guests "above the salt" at your dinner table?

19—The Knight of La Mancha, also called the Knight of the Lions, is better known to the world by what name?

20—On December 15, 1791, what was ratified by whom?

(*Answers will be found on page 42*)

Henry stared at the doctor. "You can transport one in a truck, can't you? I've got trucks. I'll—"

"Henry!" cried Janet. "How can you find a truck now—in time?"

Henry took a sheaf of routing sheets from his coat pocket. He found one dated July 23. He studied it, while they waited. "If I can only catch Red Birchall. If I can only—"

"I could take the car and find him, dad," said Kim. "I got to do something, dad! Anything—"

Henry turned again to the doctor. "How much time have we got? How long do you think?"

"Anybody's guess," said Dr. Staples. "There's a telephone up the corridor."

"Jan," Henry ordered, "you and Dr. Staples go back to Rosalie Kim, you come with me. You can help by looking up some telephone numbers."

Henry knew Red's every likely stopping place on the route from Springfield, Massachusetts, to Concord, New Hampshire, where he was scheduled to deliver a load of newsprint. Henry knew all the lonely, dim-lit night stops. He'd drunk black coffee in all of them in the day of Old Bango, before Red went to work for him. He knew the face of every counterman in a hundred greasy lunch carts.

* * *

"OPERATOR, gimme Greenfield, Mass., 5790-J."

Kim took up the big telephone book. "What's the name of the next one, dad? Tell me; I'll look it up."

Henry gave Kim a name. A familiar voice came to him over the wire. "Grady's All-Night talking."

"Pete," said Henry. "Lissen. Henry Branson speaking. Has Red been by yet in the big job?"

"Half an hour ago."

Henry hung up. Kim gave him the number of Morton's Midnite Lunch, miles farther along Red's route. Red hadn't stopped, but Joe Morton had seen him roll by. Henry finally caught Red at the Oke-Ay Dog Wagon, less than ten miles from Keene.

"Red! Red! This is the boss, see? Dump your load. Dump it right there on the road quick. Get any help you need, but dump it quick, see? Go to the Elliot Hospital in Keene and get what's waiting for you. Look, Red. It's a respirator—an iron lung. And Professor Heyward's daughter, Rosalie—look, Red, she's dying—strangling. We can't reach her parents. We're responsible for that girl's life, Red, see? You, me, all of us."

"Where are you, boss?" came Red's gruff voice.

"Derryvale Hospital. It's fifty miles—"

"I'll be there."

Back in the sickroom, they found Dr. Staples holding a stethoscope to Rosalie's heart, the nurse wiping the blue lips with a sponge. They heard Rosalie's desperate struggling for breath, saw her eyes open, saw the panic flare into them. Dr. Staples bent close to her ear.

"Listen, Rosalie. We've got something coming for you. It will help you breathe. But until it comes— Can you hear me?"

Rosalie's head moved.

"Then listen, Rosalie," the doctor went on. "When you start choking, when a choking spell comes, try not to be afraid. Try as hard as you can to breathe very, very slowly—"

Henry looked at his watch. Nine minutes—nine torturing, miserable minutes—since he had talked to Red. He looked at Jan and Kim. Their eyes beseeched him. He said: "If any one can do it, Red Birchall can do it in the big job." They believed in him. He saw the relief, the gratitude in their eyes. Then Henry himself turned sick with dread. What if—?

Henry looked at his watch again as Rosalie's slow, deadly gasping broke over the room.

"Now," the doctor said gently, "now, Rosalie—steady, steady as you possibly can, slowly, slowly—"

The spasm passed. The doctor looked carefully at Rosalie's fingernails, holding her hand to the light. The bluish color of the nails faded slowly back to white.

"That's better," the doctor said. "You beat that one, Rosalie."

The nurse reached over and touched Rosalie's forehead and lips with the damp sponge. Henry looked at his watch. He glanced up at Jan. Her eyes were wet.

"Don't, Henry," she said. "Don't look at your watch, dear. I—I—"

He stepped to her side and put his arm around her. Rosalie's rasping, struggling choking froze them. They swayed toward her, saw the panic climb in the distorted pupils of her eyes. They felt the sick emptiness of being unable to do one solitary thing to help her, not even—

☆ "LISTEN!" Henry said. "It—it couldn't possibly—"

"It's Red, dad!" cried Kim. "I know it's Red!"

Dr. Staples reached up and pulled the light cord three times. Two night nurses came hurrying down the corridor. Henry and Kim passed them on the way to the side entrance. Outside, in the parking area, stood the big truck, backed up to the steps. Red Birchall was unlocking the tail gate.

"Red! Can we handle it alone? You and Kim and I?"

"Hell, yes," remarked Red. He had driven the fifty miles in slightly under an hour. "It's got wheels on it, boss. But it's heavy."

To Henry Branson, the respirator looked strangely sinister, like a torpedo. Its huge olive-drab cylinder gleamed with nickel ports. At the forward end were the clamps which sealed the cylinder head. Underneath was the leather diaphragm, which operated like a bellows to the impulses of the electric motor.

They wheeled it down the corridor to Rosalie's room. And once it was inside, Henry Branson felt helpless, futile, and alone. When he attempted to help lift Rosalie onto the narrow iron bed which fitted inside the cylinder, nurses, the doctor—and Janet—bumped him aside. He pressed himself back against the wall, watching. In the doorway, face stubbled and grisly, shapeless mouth agape, stood Red Birchall. Henry felt a yearning toward Red, and a kinship.

An orderly plugged the cord into a

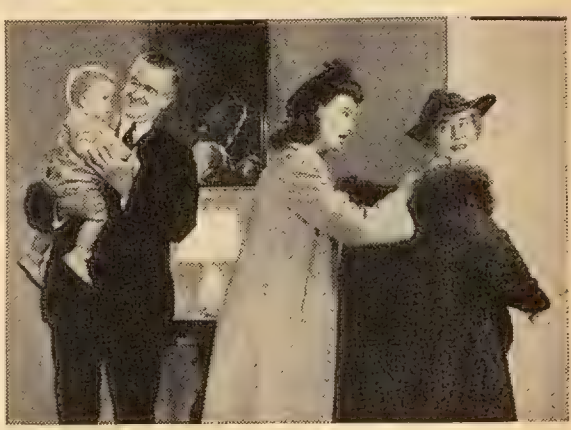
"That baby's got her buffaloed!"

1. My in-laws were at it again. Gosh, I can't leave the room for a minute without their talking about me! And the funny part of it is, they *like* me. They just think I take my baby-raising too seriously. But last Saturday I showed 'em . . .

2. When I came back and heard Mother say Bobby had me buffaloed, I decided it was time to have it out. "What makes you think Bobby's running my life, Mother?" I asked. "You see, *I* think I'm a pretty sensible mother."

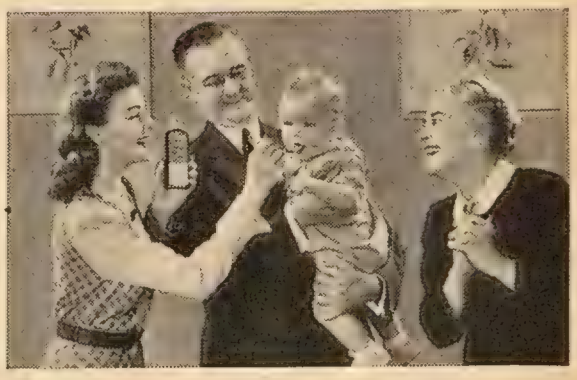
3. "Why, Betty, of *course* you're a sensible mother," she said. "And a fine one, too. But, well, do you really think, dear, that Bobby *needs* all those special things you buy for him? Special soaps and powders and towels—why, I even noticed a special baby's laxative!"

4. "*Especially* a special baby's laxative!" I cut in quickly. "Of course he needs it. It's Fletcher's Castoria and *I* didn't pick it—our doctor did. Because it's mild and safe—because it *is* made especially for children. Would you give a baby the same *foods* you eat?"



5. "Bobby's not just a miniature grown-up . . . he's a baby. With a baby's own delicate system. Grown-ups' medicine can be entirely too strong for him. Fletcher's Castoria isn't 'harsh' or griping. It's gentle. Come to the drugstore with me. I need another bottle."

6. Well, the druggist told Mother that Fletcher's Castoria was fine for children because it works mostly in the lower bowel and leaves little stomachs undisturbed. And that it works *easily*—in about 8 to 12 hours so it doesn't interfere with a child's sleep. That seemed to impress her. And when she noticed that I save money on the Family Size bottle, she liked *that*, too.



7. When we got home, I gave Bobby a dose of Fletcher's Castoria, and when she saw the way he took it (he's crazy about the taste of it), that won her completely. If you ask me, he's got *her* buffaloed!

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

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It's not hard work to keep toilets sparkling-clean and sanitary. You don't have to scrub and scour. Don't even touch the bowl with your hands. Sani-Flush is made especially to remove film, stains and smears from toilets. Use Sani-Flush at least once a week.

Toilets Gleam like New—

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. Scientific tests prove Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing connections or septic tanks. (Also effective for cleaning out auto radiators.) *Directions on can.* Sold everywhere. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

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For Cleaning Toilet Bowls

Sani-Flush CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

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KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION

(ESTABLISHED 1872) NEENAH, WISCONSIN

wall socket. The motor started, and the bellows filled, emptied, filled—a mechanical giant breathing.

"Twenty-three to the minute," ordered the doctor.

An orderly slipped the belt over the pulley which timed the breathing of the bellows. Sitting at the forward end of the cylinder at Rosalie's head, the doctor leaned over the darkened, bluish face. The girl's wild, hopeless eyes stared upward.

"Breathe with the machine," the doctor said. "Keep the rhythm. In—out—in—out—one—two—one—two—"

The terror drained slowly from her eyes, changing as the minutes passed to a look of immeasurable relief. The doctor looked up at Janet, at Henry, the nurses, Kim. The doctor had become a gay and smiling little person. "Well," he said. "That's that."

Henry Branson stumbled out into the corridor. Jan and Kim followed him. She buried her head against him. He knew what she was thinking—about Rosalie, about a life coming back, about trucks. But she just said: "Henry—Henry—"

Red Birchall, who had backed a little way up the corridor, took off his hat and wrung it in his hands. "How's the girl, Miz' Branson?" he said, when Jan noticed him. "Goin' to be aw' right?"

"Red! I can't tell you how—"

"You sure made time," said Kim.

Red showed his crooked, tobacco-stained teeth, and turned to Henry. "Say, boss—I got the 'big boy' up to sixty-five tonight on that long level. Get better combustion in the fog, I allus say. But I—I took out about fifty yards of them white fence posts on the turn. Didn't see the turn in time, in the fog an' all." Red's craggy face glowed with grotesque and mystic admiration as he added, "Them posts was just matches to the big job, boss."

"Just matches," breathed Kim Branson, entranced. "That's all."

☆ ON the day planned for Rosalie's release from the hospital, there was considerable worried bustling in the corridor outside her room. Her parents, Professor and Alice Heyward, having been reached soon after the danger was over, had been with her for over two weeks. Janet and Kim had remained from the beginning. Henry himself had lately arrived to take them home. As always, Henry felt slightly in awe of the learned professor. At the moment he felt especially uncomfortable.

"Mr. Branson," said the professor, "my daughter asked to see you as soon as you came."

"Me?" said Henry, fingering his straw hat nervously. "What about?"

"Complete mystery," said Mrs. Heyward. "She just sent us all out of the room—except Kim, of course. She's weepy and temperamental."

"Just convalescence," said Janet. "But I think you'd better go in and see what she wants. The ambulance will be ready at any moment, and she hasn't even begun to get herself prepared for the ride home."

Henry was stirred and humbled. "Wants me, huh?"

"Yes, dear—you," said Janet, smiling. "You're apparently quite special."

"Huh, well—don't know's I can do anything."

"It appears," intoned Professor Heyward, "that you have already done a great deal."

"Nothing but what any one would do."

"Any one who just happened to have a fleet of trucks on hand," said Alice Heyward flatteringly.

"Oh—yuh—trucks."

Henry walked down the corridor and knocked gently on Rosalie's door.

"Who's that?" came Kim's voice sternly.

"Dad," said Henry.

"Come right in, Mr. Branson," ordered Rosalie.

Kim sat on the edge of Rosalie's bed. Rosalie's lower lip trembled. She sniffled, wiped impatiently at the tears that welled in her eyes. Kim gave her his clean handkerchief.

"It's O. K., Rosalie," the boy said. "Dad'll fix it easy. Don't you worry."

"Fix what?" Henry asked, puzzled.

Kim licked his lips in preparation for important speech. "Well, you see, dad, we've been talking things over. Haven't we, Rosalie?"

Rosalie nodded.

"Talking about trucks and so forth and so on," Kim continued.

"Trucks?" Henry said.

"Yuh. And—oh, heck, dad—could I get a job working for you this summer? Red Birchall could show me how to handle a truck, and—"

Rosalie sniffled loudly. "Kim, I wish you'd tell him—about the ambulance."

"Sure; I was just going to. You see, dad, they've got an ambulance to take Rosalie home. But she doesn't want to go in the ambulance."

"You don't?" asked Henry, turning to Rosalie. "Why not?"

"It just came over me," Rosalie said shyly. "I want to go home in Old Bango, and I don't care if it smells of onions or not. Because if it hadn't been for Old Bango, in the beginning, I wouldn't be alive. I want to go home in Old Bango. It's beautiful!"

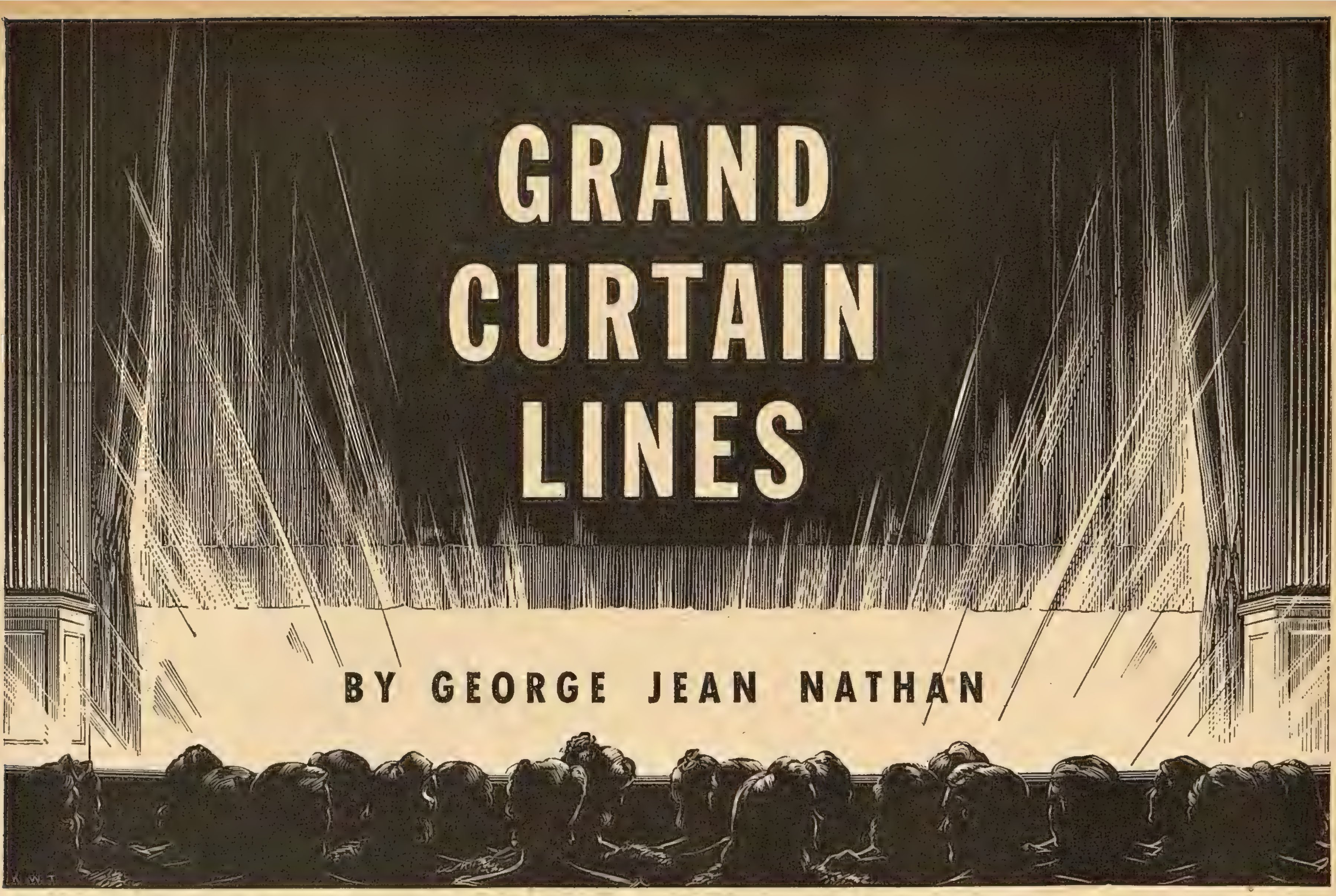
THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

SEVEN TEMPEST, by Vaughan Wilkins.

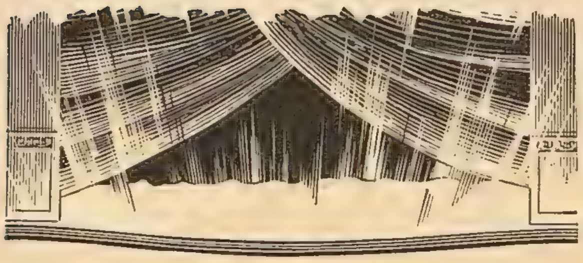
Readers of And So—Victoria will remember the intrigues and the jockeying for power among the elders in the numerous and unlovely Germanic family of the girl who was to become Queen of England. Nor did it cease then. One of the two converging plot lines in Wilkins' new romance is the contest between Uncle Leopold of Belgium and Uncle Ernest of Hanover to provide her a consort suitable to their plans. That much is more or less history, but Wilkins weaves into it the odd story of Seven Tempest, saturnine industrial magnate, and the young duchess who fled her part in Leopold's game. This man can tell a story! (The Macmillan Company.)



GRAND CURTAIN LINES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

"Wait for baby!" That one brought down the house. And here are others that will call back some memorable moments in the theater

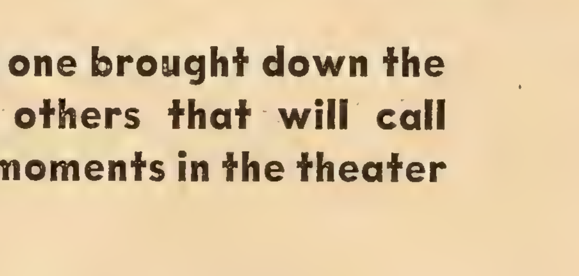


READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

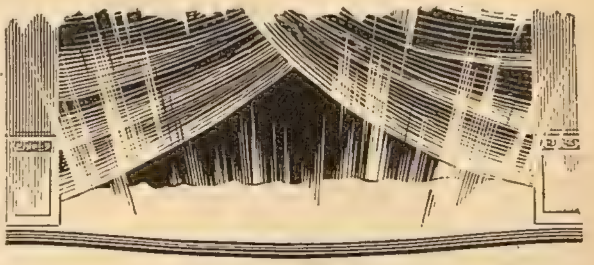
☆ A CURTAIN line, in the event that you aren't familiar with the term, is a line of dialogue that marks the end of an act of a play. The present season has up to the time of writing been sadly remiss in providing more than one that will get a place in the catalogue of speeches fondly remembered. But other seasons, both far and near, have contributed many eminently tasty ones and some of the best among them are herewith set down for your recollection or, if you never heard them, your immediate and virgin pleasure. A few may not be strictly curtain lines, but they come close enough to the curtain's fall to be legitimately included.

One of the biggest laugh tags is that of the Hecht-MacArthur newspaper farce-comedy, The Front Page. Hildy Johnson is a great reporter but constantly at odds with his brusque editor. He finally tells the latter, to his wrath at losing such a good man, that he is leaving the paper to get married. With a sudden pretense of warm affection, the editor gives him his watch as a parting gift, and Hildy is off on a train. The editor gets the chief of police on the wire, and instructs him to arrest the reporter immediately and bring him back. "The son of a —— stole my watch!" he yells.

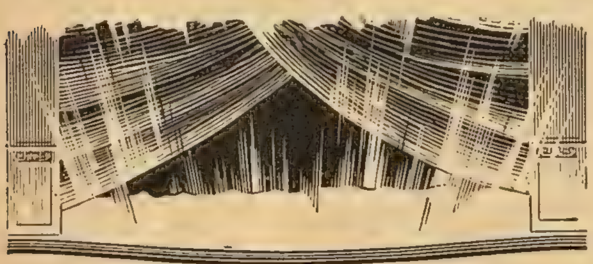
The comparatively recent Rain from Heaven of S. N. Behrman contains a curtain, or near-curtain, line that is one of the most piquing in modern polite comedy. Lady Violet Wyngate is hostess at her house near London to several Europeans and Americans. Among the former is a refugee music critic from Berlin, Hugo Willens, and among the latter the younger brother of a millionaire American publisher, Rand Eldridge. Eldridge is in love with Lady Violet and, angered by her apparent interest in the German and unable to control his feelings, bursts out in the presence of the others with the sneer that Willens is a Jew. Whereupon Lady Violet takes the latter's hand in her own and quietly observes to the stunned rival: "Remember—please—that Mr. Willens is not only my lover, he is also my guest."



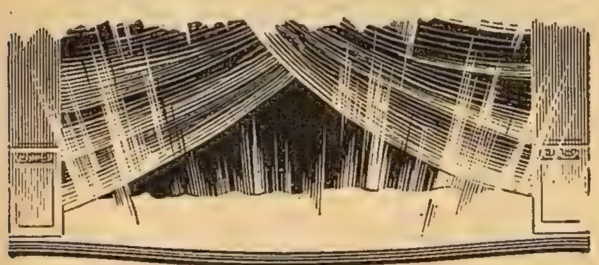
In Yeats' Cathleen ni Houlihan, an old and worried woman, Ireland personified, comes from afar to a peasants' house. Strangers, she says, are in her own house and have taken her land and treasures from her. But there were those in other days who loved her and even died for her. One of the peasants, a miserly fellow, makes to give her a coin, but she will have no such charity. "If any one would give me help, he must give me himself, he must give me all," she says. Michael, the young son of the household who is to be married on the morrow, is fascinated by her, and, when she leaves and when comes the news that the French are landing at Killala and that the boys are joining the invader against the English, he breaks away from his protesting bride and rushes



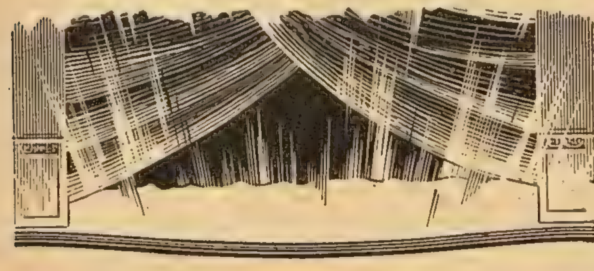
out. The old woman is heard singing. Michael's younger brother enters. His mother asks: "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" "I did not," he replies, "but I saw a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen!"



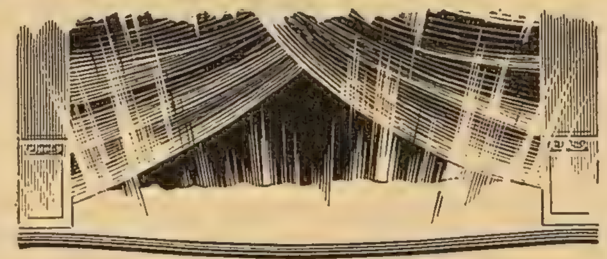
Returning to American plays, a prime example of the final curtain line is that of What Price Glory? with Sergeant Quirt's gay shout to his captain returning to the front lines: "Hey, Flagg, wait for baby!" Another is that of Mary of Scotland, with Mary captive in a cell and challenging the Elizabeth who has put her there—the Elizabeth whose scheming has destroyed her as a monarch yet not as a woman—"But still I win!" And another is the beautiful one of The Green Pastures with De Lawd saying to Gabriel: "Did he mean dat even God must suffer?" And the sound of a voice in the distance: "Oh, look at him! Oh, look, dey goin' to make him carry it up dat high hill! Dey goin' to nail him to it! Oh, dat's a terrible burden for one man to carry!"



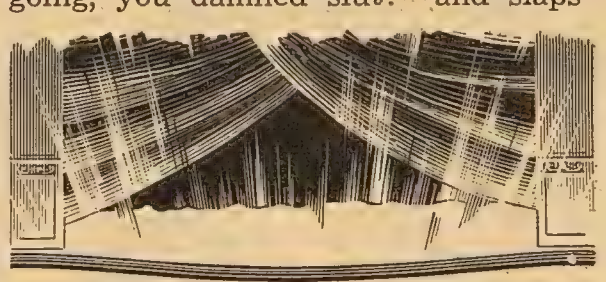
Where, too, can you come upon a likelier tag than that of Our Town? The Stage Manager closes the curtains upon the play and its picture of the New England village. "Most everybody's asleep in Grovers Corners," he says. "There are a few lights on; Shorty Hawkins, down at the depot, has just watched the Albany train go by. And at the livery stable somebody's setting up late and talking. . . . There are the stars—doing their old, old criss-cross journeys in the sky. Scholars haven't settled the matter yet, but they seem to think there are no living beings up there. They're just chalk—or fire. Only this one is straining away, straining away all the time to make something of itself. The strain's so bad that every sixteen hours everybody lies down and gets a rest." (He winds his watch.) "Hm. . . . Eleven o'clock in Grovers Corners.—You get a good rest, too. Good-night."



There are those whose taste may perhaps be somewhat more inclined to the speech that ends the Kaufman-Hart You Can't Take It with You. The Sycamore family and its peculiar guests finally sit down to dinner after all the hullabaloo that has driven the household crazy. Grandpa taps on his plate. "Quiet! Everybody! Quiet!" Immediately the talk ceases and all heads are lowered as Grandpa starts to say grace: "Well, Sir, here we are again! We want to say thanks once more for everything You've done for us. Things seem to be going along fine. Alice is going to marry Tony, and it looks as if they're going to be very happy. Of course the fireworks blew up, but that was Mr. De Pinna's fault, not Yours. We've all got our health and as far as anything else is concerned, we'll leave it to You. Thank You."

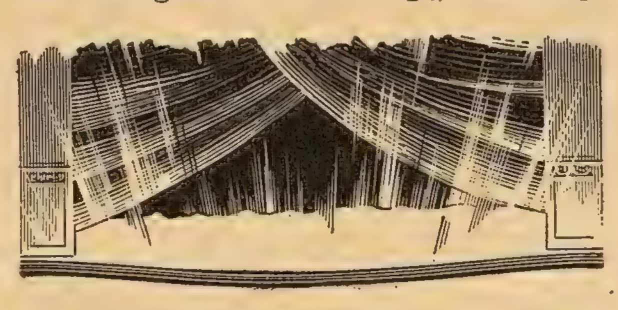


Saroyan's Hello Out There, produced in the current season, offers a remarkably effective tag. A man is in a Texas jail cell awaiting his doom at the hands of a lynch mob. His incessant cry of "Hello out there!"—a plea for sympathy and understanding and help from the great outside world—reaches no ears in the vast emptiness save those of a little slavey around the prison. A blind, desperate love comes to the twain, a love of each other in all their futility, a love of possible freedom, a love for the future, if a future there can be. The ceaseless supplication of the prisoner echoes still down the grim and unanswering corridor. The mob, headed by the husband of the ignoble woman the man is alleged to have assaulted and by the ignoble woman herself, smashes its way into the jail and makes for the man's cell. A shot rings out and the man crumples to his knees. The little slavey with a cry starts to rush toward him. The woman shouts at her: "Where do you think you're going, you damned slut?" and slaps her to the ground. The man is dead, and the gluttonish mob, along with the woman, leave. Slowly, painfully, the little slavey lifts herself halfway up from the floor, the while comes from her lips to the audience the agonized and pleading whisper: "Hello out there! Hello out there!"



The final curtain of Laurence Housman's Victoria Regina is another one hard to forget. The occasion is Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. It is late in the day and the scene is a chamber in Buckingham Palace. In the room are gathered fifty or sixty of the Queen's direct descendants, along with representatives of the crowned heads of Europe. Without and below the balcony the great crowds are cheering. Presently Victoria enters, seated in her wheel chair and flanked by her two sons. After the congratulations, Princess Beatrice, addressing the Queen, says: "Won't you go and rest now, Mamma?" "Not yet," replies the Queen. "That cheering that I heard means that my dear people are expecting to see me again. . . . I must try not to disappoint them." "It would be nice if you could, Mamma," replies the Princess. "Do you think that you can?"

Whereto, Victoria: "Yes. But I shall have to go as I am. I can't get up. It's very gratifying, very, to find—after all these years—that they do appreciate all that I have tried to do for them—for their good, and for this great country of ours. We have been so near together today—they and I; all my dear people of England, and Scotland, and Wales—*and* Ireland, and the dear Colonies, and India. . . . Everything so perfectly in order. Most gratifying! . . . So happy! As we were coming back—you were in front, Beatrice, so perhaps you didn't see—it was just by Hyde Park Corner, there was a great crowd there, and a lot of rough men . . . broke right through the lines of the police and troops guarding the route, and they ran alongside the carriage, shouting and cheering me. And I heard them say: 'Go it, Old Girl! You've done it well!' Of course, very unsuitable—the words; but so gratifying! And oh, I hope it's true. I hope it's true! I must go to them now. Have the windows opened. Hark! How they are cheering. Albert! Ah! if only *you* could have been here!"

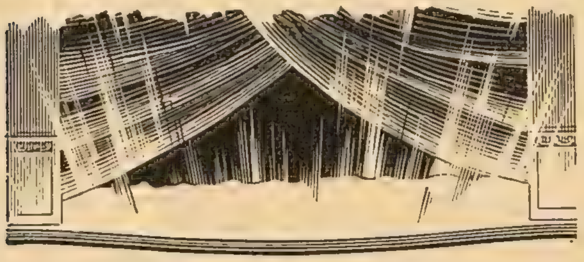


The startling final curtain of W. W. Jacobs' The Monkey's Paw with its family eagerly and nervously awaiting fate-hinging news from the world without, suddenly and at length hearing the knock on the door, and opening it only to find no one there, is one of the most awesome wordless curtains in the whole of the modern drama.

But in the way of the direct spoken line, a shining example is to be had in the final curtain of the great Synge's noble tragedy, Riders to the Sea.

The scene is one of the Aran islands. Maurya, now an old, old woman, has successively lost her husband, her father-in-law, and five sons to the merciless sea, and a sixth son, the last, is on the point of taking ship. Pleas are in vain and the boy leaves, only eventually to be brought back, his body covered with a shred of sail.

From Maurya flow no tears but only a sigh of deep relief: "They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . It's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely.



It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain. . . . They're all together this time, and the end is come. Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

There's the rare tag, too, of Family Portrait, the play about the family of Christ. Christ has died on the cross. Mary and Judah are on the stage alone. "If the baby's a boy—what are you going to name him?" asks Mary.

"We haven't decided."

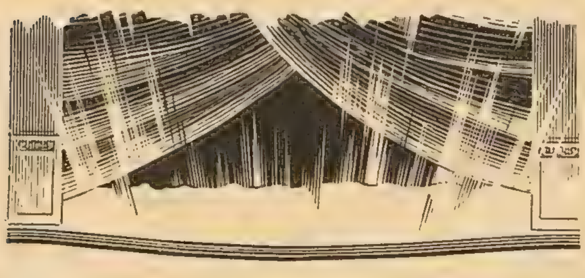
"I wish—"

"What, Mother?"

"Will you do something for me, Judah?"

"Of course I will! What is it?"

"If it's a boy, will you name him after your brother—after Jesus, I mean?"



"Why—why, yes, Mother. I'll talk to Deborah about it—"

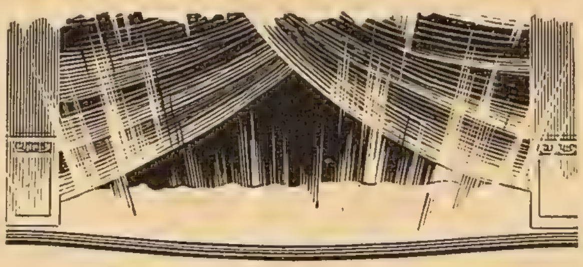
"It's a nice name," says Mary. "I'd like him not to be forgotten."

As an example of the non-heroic final curtain line at its best, there is on the other hand that of Chekhov's The Sea Gull. The report of a pistol is heard offstage. Every one starts. Madame Arcadina, alarmed, asks: "What's that?" Dorn nonchalantly replies: "It's all right. I expect something's burst in my medicine traveling-case. Don't be scared." (He goes off and returns a moment later.) "As I thought. My ether bottle's burst." (He sings, casually:) "Once more, once more before thee, love . . ."

Arcadina: "Good heavens, I was quite frightened. It reminded me of that time when . . ." (Covers her face with her hands.) "I felt quite faint."

Dorn picks up a magazine and idly turns the pages. Then to Trigorin: "There was an article in this magazine a month or so ago . . . a letter from America . . . and I wanted to ask you, among other things . . ." (Leads Trigorin to the footlights.) . . . "I'm very much interested in the question . . ." (In a low tone:) "Get Irina Nikolayevna away from here. The fact is, Constantine has shot himself."

On a lighter note, we have the conclusion of the last act of Behrman's End of Summer. Dennis, the young radical, is selling his fair Leonie Frothingham the idea of putting her money in his new left-wing magazine. "I suppose if it's really successful it'll result in my losing everything I have," observes Leonie.



"It'll be taken from you anyway; you'll only be anticipating the inevitable," returns Dennis. "Why—how clever of me!" smiles back Leonie. "Not only clever but graceful," allows Dennis. But, Leonie asks, "Will you leave me just a little to live on?" Whereto, Dennis: "Don't worry about that—come the Revolution, you'll have a friend in high office."

Leonie "accepts gratefully this earnest of security"; they touch glasses in a merry toast; and the curtain falls.

The end of the fourth act of The Doctor's Dilemma is Bernard Shaw at his most graceful and touching. Dubedat, the artist, has just died. His proud and loving widow comes to say good-by to the doctors who have attended him, among them one who has held him in small esteem, Sir Colenso Ridgeon. "I felt," says Mrs. Dubedat, "that I must shake hands with his friends once before we part today. We have shared together a great privilege and a great happiness. I don't think we can ever think of ourselves as ordinary people again. We have had a wonderful experience; and that gives us a common faith, a common ideal, that nobody else can quite have. Life will always be beautiful to us; death will always be beautiful to us. May we shake hands on that?" Sir Patrick, after briefly advising her on certain legal matters, offers his hand and, thanking him, she takes it. Sir Patrick goes. Walpole then shakes hands with her and goes, and so does Sir Ralph Bonington. Ridgeon now approaches her with "Goodbye," and offers his hand. Mrs. Dubedat draws back with gentle majesty: "I said his friends, Sir Colenso." He bows and goes out. She unfolds a great piece of silk, and goes into the recess to cover her dead.

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THE WAY THINGS ARE

Continued from Page 15

seem to. *The way things are,* Enid had said, *and what can we do about it?* . . . Security, happiness, peace—did these exist? Were they anywhere today? Beside her, Susan leaned against her rake and asked abruptly, "What has happened to Steve?"

"Everything," Sandy said after a little pause. And then her voice rushed on; she was telling Susan. The bonfire died away, flared up again, the children whooped and danced, Susan's attention seemed half on the twins and their apparent efforts toward self-destruction. What was the use of trying to explain? The stiff, hurt pride in her, the pain and the aching loneliness would not go into words. "And so that's that," she ended suddenly.

Susan said, "But I don't quite see. You both believe in defense, you know it's a job that's got to be done, the way things are at present. So this is only an argument, isn't it?"

No; something more than that—something so deep in her, so sore—"It isn't as if he had to go," she said, feeling a kind of weary monotone in the words. "I could face that. But this is—his own choice."

Susan pursed her lips. "You know, Sandy, men are sort of funny, when it's a question of their duty as they see it. It's almost always up to a woman to give in."

"I shan't, though," Sandy answered in a small thin voice. Duty, Susan called it. A matter of principle, Steve had said. But it seemed to her she should—she must—mean more to him than an abstract ideal of duty. I'm real, she thought. I'm flesh and blood, and I love him. . . . "You gave in," she said to Susan, "and what has it meant? Here you are with these three children on your hands, not enough money by American standards, and Jim ten thousand miles away and goodness knows when he'll come home again—and he calls it doing his duty!"

☆

"WHY, Sandy!" Susan was so surprised she looked funny, staring round-mouthed and open-eyed like Becky. "I don't know what you're talking about. Everything's grand with me. Of course I wish that Jim and I could be together; I wish this beastly war were over, and we could go home again—" She stopped to fend Davy and Don away from the fire with her rake. "Look out there, you! Jack-o'-lanterns like to go up in smoke, but it's just horrible for little boys. . . . You're all wrong if you think I'm not happy, Sandy. Basically, I mean. Deep down."

"You've cried enough this fall."

"I haven't!" But Susan blushed a little. "It's a pretty shallow kind of life that can't soak up a few tears and be all the better for it," she announced in a dignified voice, then added with no dignity at all, "So there."

From the street they heard the solemn *chuff-chuff* of Grandfather Pepperell's elderly motorcar, and Becky began to yell, "Grandpa! Here comes grandpa! Come see our bonfire, grandpa!" Sandy wasn't sorry for the interruption. They'd said enough already—too much, perhaps. It was bad enough to fight with Steve, she thought; she certainly didn't want to start fighting with Susan.

Grandfather, managing to be at the same time stiff-legged and jaunty, climbed out of the car which he still drove himself for cautious twenty-miles-an-hour journeys around town, never going onto Main Street or the state highways. Probably the oldest motorcar still in active life, and the last brass headlamps out of a museum, Steve had said once last summer, giving all of a sunny Sunday morning to the engine whose delicate interior he claimed to understand like a family physician. And with the memory a great wave of longing swept over Sandy, bringing the smart of tears to her throat and eyes. Susan mustn't see her weep, however! And rather blindly she turned toward the house.

☆

THE Times had just been thrown onto the porch, and she took it in with her, to see if there was news about the draft quotas. It wasn't till she flicked on a lamp in the living room that she saw her grandmother was there, knitting by the last light of afternoon. "'Lo," she mumbled, and opened the paper quickly, but not quite fast enough to hide her telltale eyes.

"Sandy, it seems to me this has gone on long enough." Grandmother Pepperell's voice was as crisp as cabbage. "You'd be a great deal smarter if you swallowed your pride and made it up with Stephen. And don't tell me you haven't quarreled. I'm not blind."

"You don't understand—"

"Tiddledywinks!" her grandmother replied. "I may not know the trimmings, but I know the pattern. Vanity, stubbornness, and two rock-ribbed determinations not to speak first. All lovers' quarrels are cut from the same piece of goods. I recollect Clara Coldbrook living single all her life because Bert Wallis wouldn't agree to give up cigars for her, and he married Jennie Pratt and never smoked again to the day of his death."

"Oh!" Sandy cried. "Cigars!" And misery overwhelmed her. Everything was so difficult. Nothing was fair. She couldn't, she informed her grandmother chokingly, even imagine an era when people had no greater problems than the smoking of cigars. "I wish to goodness I'd been young when you were! Your generation had the best of things."

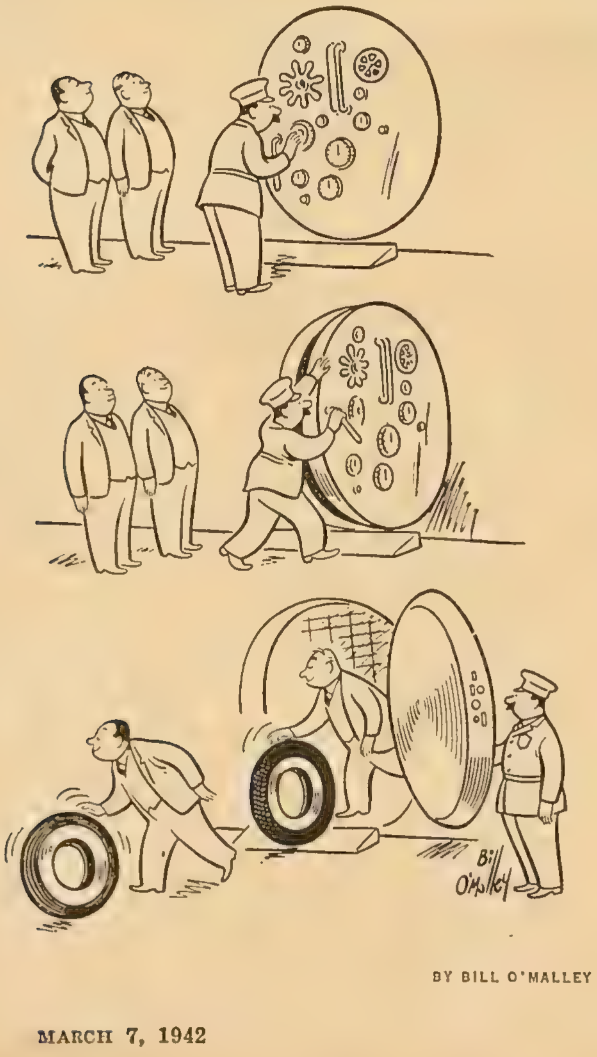
Grandmother Pepperell's knitting needles moved unhurriedly, putting small, even stitches into the kind of socks that would raise no blisters on anybody's heels. She remembered the blizzard of 1888, the cold and the wind and the drifting snow, as if the very elements combined against a little girl with the pneumony, so that they never knew if a doctor might have helped her, because no doctor got to them on time. She remembered the panic in the year '93—all Jason's savings swept away, and how he kind of went to pieces afterwards, began coming home with whisky on his breath and a loose-lipped, foolish smile, and 'twasn't till she herself almost went out with the tide, after losing another baby daughter, that Jason came to his senses. She recollected sitting right here in this room, knitting on Red Cross socks, back there in 1918, when the boys were overseas, and how she'd dreaded the ringing of the phone or a glimpse of a Western Union boy. But it was later—it was 1929—when she got a telegram about an auto and a road that was wet with rain. . . . How old she'd felt, and tired, that day in the South Station waiting with Jason for the train that was bringing them another young family to raise up—kind of a second brood they'd been, these three. But they were grown now—Sandy, the youngest of them, twenty-two. They'd got to make their own terms with the world. Nobody else could take the knocks for them, or win the prizes. Her eyes were tender with that look, wistful, astute, and helpless, which the old have for the young.

"Maybe life isn't too easy," she said, "and maybe it was never meant to be; but I was not brought up to think that bawling helped things much."

"I'm not—"

"Oh, yes, you are, my dear."

The rest of the family were coming in, and from the door Grandfather Pepperell inquired whether any one had seen the Times. Reading the paper first was his age-old prerogative; but Sandy held it for a moment longer, trying to compose her face before she took that shield away, and grandfather's wits, still nimble enough though a little hard to harness in these days, came suddenly to the awareness that here were tears. There had to be some reason— Ah! He had it.



BY BILL O'MALLEY

"Now, Sandy, don't you cry," he said. "Young Ross is pretty tough, and anyway folks like to make things out a sight worse'n they are. Dessay he isn't really going to lose his arm at all."

Sandy's fingers clenched, crumpling the precious evening paper. Her voice seemed to come from somewhere a long way off. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

"Eh? What's that? But I thought—well, then I will say no more. Maybe there's nothing to it, and the least said, soonest mended—"

"Not when a body's gone as far as you have, Jason. You let us have the rest of the tale right now."

"All right, all right, just as you say, Elia." But he looked old and badgered all at once. "I don't rightly know. An accident at the Tool Company, it was—some machine that was being inspected—"

☆

SANDY'S head had gone down on her arms. She could hear Susan's voice, "Sandy darling!" And Becky was crying, "What? What is it? What's the matter with Sandy?" Somewhere deep down in her was a great tearing sob that wouldn't come loose. Crying was no good now. I have to see him! she thought.

"Where is he, grandfather? Did they take him to the hospital or home?"

"Why, child, I couldn't say."

"Never mind; I'll try both places."

Susan said, "Telephone?"

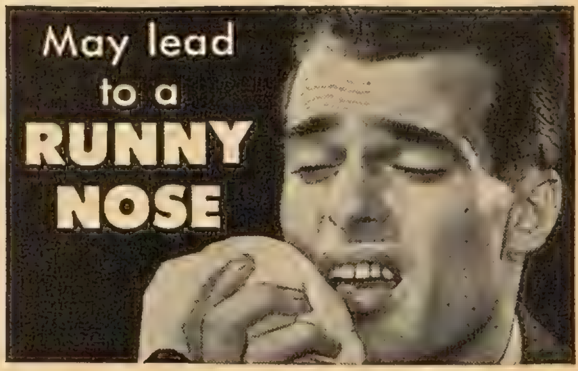
No, not that. Not some one's voice telling her what they thought she ought to know. "I have to go—I have to see him!" she cried, and the door slammed behind her.

Grandmother Pepperell had not said a word, but now she sighed and shook her head a little. "Jason, you really have to be more careful, mixing things up as you do. I heard all about the accident, and it's not Steve Ross that's hurt—it's young Ross Steele, one of the foremen. Poor boy, they say he's going to lose three fingers." But she made no move toward calling Sandy back.

The car was in front of the house where grandfather always left it in good weather—and indeed why not, they used to say, for any one would as soon have thought of stealing the Town Hall. The starter whirred obligingly for Sandy, but the engine coughed and died, and coughed and died again, until she thought despairingly, I must have flooded it or something. I'll have to walk—I'll have to get a taxi right away. And at that moment, out of the blue November dusk, Steve's voice asked, "Going somewhere?"

"Steve!" she said, and her heart stood still. She closed her eyes and

COLD
WET
FEET



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opened them again. He was still there. So he had come back. He had made the first move, after all. Her mind went straight to that before she thought, *But I was going—I was on my way.* And she remembered why, only it seemed like something that had happened long ago. He was all right, not hurt; the story wasn't true—she had known it instantly without the need of words. As soon as she had time to put her thoughts in order, she would be able to say, "Oh, grandfather. . . ." All that was unimportant. Steve was here.

"You seem to be having trouble," he said. As if nothing had happened. As if they had parted yesterday, and this long bitter week had never been. And yet, not quite the same. His face was different, thinner, marked by lines she had never seen before. And though he smiled, there was a tight look with it, almost unfriendly. Between two breaths it came to Sandy that perhaps nothing had changed. Perhaps he was being matter-of-fact and casual because he wanted things that way. Perhaps he was—signing off. Well, in that case, she would be impersonal too. Meet him halfway.

"I can't get this car started," she informed him in a voice that trembled slightly.

"Move over," he said. "She'll start for me. She knows her master's voice." But it was three or four minutes before he made this boast come true. "Where to?" he inquired then, above the steady *chuff-chuff.*

For a split second Sandy hesitated. Her lashes fluttered, and she glanced at him, half shy and half determined. "As a matter of fact, I was on my way to see you."

"And you let me work—good gosh!" he cried, and with a wheezy chuckle the engine died again. There was a little silence in the car. Steve broke it first.

"I was coming—" He stopped, then tried again. "Sandy, you have to know that I haven't changed my mind. I've tried, and that's God's truth, but I can't do it. This thing is too big, the way I see it. It goes way beyond any individual with his personal hopes or dreams. So—that's the way things are."

"It doesn't matter, Steve."

"Doesn't matter?" he repeated, weighing the words a moment, almost afraid to put them to the test. "Is that—do you mean you have come to my way of thinking?"

No, she thought, I haven't. I still believe that you would be quite as useful here at home—that we'd be happier. But that was not the answer. She felt tired and confused. Thoughts raced in her mind, blazed up, withered away, like autumn leaves on the bonfire a little while ago. The scare grandfather had given her—no, not that. Enid saying, "Live and learn, Sandy—or else heaven help you"; grandmother's voice informing her life wasn't meant to be easy—not these, either. Something that went beyond all this, an attitude toward life, a quality—courage was a word for it, perhaps. But love was a better one. And she said steadily, "I guess it means that I have come—to you."

* * *

DUSK came on swiftly, and Mrs. Elkanah Todd, going home late from Garden Club, saw the two of them sitting there. Such a dear young couple, she thought, and opened her lips for a coy "How-de-do." . . . Then she blinked rapidly, and went by without a word. Even if they were going to be married in the spring—kissing like that—well, really!

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—She was a much admired young lady whose name was Annie Laurie and the famous song of the same name was written about her.

2—Seaweed, the name for any of the algae which grow in the sea. Far simpler than land plants, they are the only type of vegetation over a wide area of the globe.

3—A cotton handkerchief would be most fitting, as the first anniversary is the cotton anniversary.

4—It is an offer which you can reject or accept just as it is, so called because of the Quakers' noted unwillingness to compromise on ideas or principles.

5—In the order in which the numbers are presented, the games are: baseball, basketball, polo, and lacrosse.

6—Antonio.

7—A gourmand is a man whose chief pleasure is eating, but a gourmet is a connoisseur in eating and drinking. His delight is not in any food—but in good food.

8—Cork grows on trees. It is processed from the bark of what is known as the cork tree or cork oak.

9—The apse is the termination at the sanctuary end of the church. It is sometimes semicircular, sometimes square, sometimes a polygon.

10—Yes. Its original use was for pressing curds and wrapping cheese.

11—The.

12—They describe ocean currents—the stream being the strongest, the drift less strong, and the creep the weakest. They often have an effect on climate conditions of neighboring lands.

13—The Paleolithic Man got here first. Paleolithic means Old Stone Age, while Neolithic means New Stone Age.

14—The border dispute between New York and Rhode Island. The place where the borders meet was fixed as a point midway between Montauk Point, Long Island, New York, and Dickens Point, Block Island, Rhode Island.

15—Norumbega was a city or district included on sixteenth-century maps of the east coast of America. In the last century there was a wide dispute about where it had been—or if it had been at all. Nobody has learned why the name was put on the maps—and most people now believe Norumbega was and is a myth.

16—They got the name from the red coats they used to wear, which were the color of a recently boiled lobster.

17—West Virginia, so called because of its panhandle shape.

18—This is the place of honor. The salt formerly was in the middle of the table. Persons of quality sat above it—nearest the host—while others sat at the nether end.

19—These are various appellations for Don Quixote.

20—The Bill of Rights—by the American people, through their representatives.

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LESSONS FROM INSIDE LONDON

Continued from Page 11

Roof spotters. That shelter cot is one of a million produced since bombings began.

one is undernourished, and certainly no one is starving.

But the American visiting England encounters certain shocks. In six weeks, living in a luxurious hotel, I had exactly one egg. I saw beefsteak twice. I had ham once. I never saw pork or lamb. There is plenty of bread and plenty of potatoes, and so no one needs to be hungry. But milk is short, and so are most fresh vegetables except cabbage and sprouts. You get a pat of butter per meal about the size of a quarter, and a cube of sugar about a quarter inch square. Fruit is scarce, and so is cheese.

At my first dinner party in London I sat next to a titled lady very famous in America. The waiter passed small lumps of sugar with the coffee. I never take sugar in coffee, and I shook my head. Whereupon the titled lady hissed at me, "*Never* refuse sugar!" I called the waiter back, got my single lump, and gave it to her. Calmly she put it in her handbag.

Nobody dines out in London on anything like the prewar scale, largely because it's so hard to get around in the blackout. Nor do country-house week-ends flourish any longer. Coal is short, to say nothing of petrol for private cars. Houses are apt to be drear and chilly, and a guest feels that he is taking preciously rationed food from his host and his host's servants. There are, of course, exceptions to this general rule. A few great houses still do maintain the old tradition. But not many. As one distinguished writer muttered to me ironically, "The greatest achievement of the war so far is the abolition of the country-house week-end."

In a London hotel your choice of food is limited, but you won't be hungry. Bread and potatoes are, as I say, plentiful, and you can always—or almost always—order game, fish, or chicken. These luxuries are, however, fabulously expensive. My breakfast consisted of a tablespoon of tomato juice, toast, and coffee. (Orange or other citrus juices are, of course, all but unknown.) At lunch, which costs anywhere from two dollars up, you may have either a soup or hors d'oeuvres (served very skimpily), and then a choice of whatever fish or meat is on the menu—not both. The fish and meat courses take the form of stew, patty, hash, or ragout, as a rule. Desserts, with a minimum of sugar, are limited as a rule to cake or custards, though I had stewed fruit and ice cream once or twice. Dinner is about like lunch. Most people eat in restaurants if they can afford it; it's best to reserve a table and get there early. You can get beef—sometimes—in some "black house" restaurants.

The chief shortages, when I was in London (I skip items like silk stockings, typewriters, cosmetics, fountain pens, lipsticks, small metal gadgets, paper clips, and so on), were paper, alcohol, cigarettes, and above all, matches. Newspapers are down to a single sheet folded to make four pages, except the Times, which is bigger. Whisky was hard to get in shops and extremely expensive in hotels; I paid as much as eight dollars a bottle. Cigarettes are very short, though usually you could get Turkish or Egyptian varieties at about one dollar for a box of twenty. The cheap cigarettes smoked by the enormous majority of Englishmen have practically disappeared.

In all fairness, however, let me state that never once did I lack for a cigarette when I wanted one. For one thing, I had brought a good many with me. For another, the headwaiter or floor waiter could almost always get a package of something or other, if you didn't care what kind. Shops seldom had them in stock, but hotel servants could manage to procure them somehow. Of course the millions of Londoners who did not have the luck to live in a good hotel found it harder to get cigarettes than I did.

☆ MATCHES are the scarcest article of all. As a rule, I got two matches per day at my hotel, with breakfast. If you have no lighter, you are out of luck. Nor can you buy a lighter in London for love or money, except some surviving jeweled specimens at £100 or more. The government is now planning the manufacture and distribution of a "national lighter," to cost about seventy-five cents, but it had not appeared by the time I left.

Clothes are, of course, rationed just as strictly as food is. A man gets 66 clothing coupons a year. A new suit costs 26 coupons, an overcoat 18, a pair of shoes 7, a shirt, 5, and so on. Add it up and you will see that you do not come out with much of a wardrobe. The coupons do not represent value; what they represent is permission to buy. You may have £100 in your pocket, but you can't buy a sixpenny handkerchief without a coupon. In London I needed a pair of rubbers badly. I couldn't buy them, no matter what I was willing to pay, until the proper authority gave me permission, *i. e.,* three coupons.

From all this there are several points to make. Few Americans, I should say, realize how severe the pinch in England is. (The pinch in Germany is, of course, infinitely more severe.) Probably in our own country we shall never have to suffer from shortages so acute or serious. We are blessed with an abundance of food and raw materials. We do not need to import food, as England does. The lesson from England is nevertheless clear, striking, and obvious—that sacrifice is necessary to wage war, that the need of sacrifice becomes more urgent as a war goes on.

One striking phenomenon in England is what might be called equality of sacrifice. The war has pitted and scarred every man, woman, and child in Great Britain. Nobody is exempt. Of course the poor have suffered most—even though unemployment has been virtually wiped out and wages have gone steadily upward. But the rich have suffered too, and make no mistake about it. The very rich are, in fact, on the verge of disappearing as a class. They are finished. Taxation begins at a flat 50 per cent (with certain exemptions) and in the upper brackets it reaches 95 per cent. Nobody in England can make more than about $16,000-$20,000 per year *out of income,* no matter how large his gross income is. Taxes take all the rest. A very rich man may have more than $20,000 a year to spend, if he chooses to use his capital; but $20,000 is the approximate limit so far as actual income is concerned.

One more lesson for Americans is of primary and paramount importance. Many British have been bombed out of their homes. Their families have been scattered, their children sent abroad. They endure the discomforts of the blackout. They are deprived of many amenities of life, and they pay fantastic taxes. Yet they remain good-humored, stanch, tolerant, and united. This is the chief lesson we have to learn from London. The British endure hardships almost inconceivable to us, and endure them smiling. They have not lost their sense of balance, their instinctive fairness of mind, their humor, above all their kindness. They have sat naked on the edge of complete disaster—after Dunkirk, for instance—and come up stronger than before. They are tough—don't minimize that. But they haven't succumbed to any hysteria. They've kept their feet, kept their heads, kept their free minds. Through the greatest crisis in their history they have remained completely adult. Let us hope that we in our country can do likewise.

It would be foolish to assert that the war has broken down the old social castes of England. Dukes are still dukes, and navvies navvies. Nevertheless the amount of what might be called "democratization" is considerable. To take just one instance: About 60 per cent of pilots in both bomber and fighter commands of the R. A. F. are sergeants, *not* commissioned officers. These are the men who saved England in the Battle of Britain in September, 1940; these are the men whose long-range bombers traverse the Continent almost nightly, attacking Berlin, Brest, the Ruhr, the Rhineland, and other enemy objectives. Very often commissioned officers serve in bomber crews *under* a sergeant, a noncommissioned officer, who is in command.

Another point—which we will do well to watch closely—is the enormous activity of women in war work, which also serves to shake a country up, to demoralize it. As every one knows, British women take part in actual military service. There are three main organizations: the Auxiliary Territorial Service, which functions with the army; the Women's Royal Naval Reserve, associated with the navy; and the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, which operates with the R. A. F. Thousands upon thousands of British women have enlisted in these organizations, and are known as "Ats," "Wrens," and "Waafs." Additionally, of course, thousands more women perform war work—everything from sweeping railway platforms to labor in munitions plants—in nominally civilian fields. Uniformed women toil side by side with men in the aircraft batteries which guard the periphery of London. I mentioned this to a Cabinet minister of great eminence. He grunted with ironic humor, "Thus, day by day, we march back to the Stone Age!"

It's cold, so these fire-watching theatrical costumers wear cloaks of Shakespeare's kings.

London is not the capital of one country. It is the capital of six or eight. The Yugoslavs, the Norwegians, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Czechoslovaks, the Free French, the Greeks, the Poles all maintain their headquarters on British soil. Polish soldiers guard British shores; Polish and Czech and other foreign flyers fight with the R. A. F. One small but pertinent point is that instructions on R. A. F. dinghies (lifeboats) are printed not merely in English and French but in Czech and Polish too. In one R. A. F. bomber station I met pilots of seven different nationalities. It may well be that the rudiments of a future international air force, to protect peace in the world to come, are in process of creation on English soil. This is a movement which we in the United States should watch with closest sympathy and attention.

I come now to the question of British relations with the Soviet Union. Here too we can take guidance from what London is doing. The British accept the Russians for what they are—allies fighting the common enemy—and treat them with respect as such. An outer fringe of Tory aristocrats continues to dislike the Russians as Bolsheviks more than they admire them as allies, and shrewd farsighted statesmen realize well enough what delicate adjustments will be necessary in Anglo-Russian relations after the war. The British people, including the Labor Party, loathe Communism. But the point to make is that, certain extremist circles excepted, there has been no division of opinion in Britain on the class issue. Hitler hoped strenuously to divide and rupture British—and American—sentiment by his attack on Russia. He hoped that enough Britons and Americans would hate the Bolsheviks so much on socioeconomic grounds that they would refuse co-operation with the Russians as fighting allies. He hoped to influence people who hated Bolshevik Russians even more than Nazi Germans, and thus to poison Allied unity.

This maneuver has largely failed, thanks in the main to the leadership of Mr. Churchill. The Prime Minister's speech immediately following the German attack on Russia scotched it. Minor Cabinet ministers have made anti-Russian statements, but they don't count much. The visitor to London is, in fact, almost overwhelmed by the manifestations of pro-Russianism on every side. It's quite bewildering—especially in contrast to the way things stood a few short years ago. And it may change again in time. But the situation today is that Great Britain welcomes gratefully the tremendous Russian contribution to the struggle. The B. B. C. never refers merely to "Russians," but always to "our allies" or "our gallant allies." Mrs. Churchill has raised over a million pounds for Russian war relief. Huge signs adorn Trafalgar Square, appealing for a common effort:

USSR
USA
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U

One newspaper is printing a daily cartoon strip—of all things!—idealizing Stalin's career. Sympathetic articles about Russian history, Russian character, Russian aspirations appear on every side. Even the lordly Times prints advertisements under the hammer and sickle, extolling the Russian effort. This emotional upsurge of sympathy with Russia was most marked before the United States entered the war. It was motivated in part, of course, by the deep subconscious need of the British for a *fighting* ally.

☆

I ASKED almost every one I met in England: "What will England be like after the war?" I got a fascinating variety of answers. Two points stood out. Almost every one agreed that the future England would be a different kind of England; they couldn't predict just what the differences would be, but in any event it must be an England *worth having saved*—in other words, a better, stronger, healthier England for sons and daughters to grow up in, admire, and love. The million little men in England are doing their jobs. The A. R. P. wardens, the fire watchers, the shopkeepers, the country constables, the men and women in the factories have served the country—and helped save it—just as stanchly as have the army, the navy, and the R. A. F. The little man has made prodigious sacrifices. And he doesn't want to be let down.

Second—and here too there is a lesson for America—almost every one I met thanked Providence for the leadership of Winston Churchill. They have found that democracies need leadership even more than dictatorships do. What England has achieved, after terrible ordeals, is unity of morale, of spirit, and of command. Every one knows that this war is going to be long, difficult, and dangerous. People, in fact, don't talk much in terms of when victory is going to come, although their confidence is absolute; they think of victory rather in terms of a job to be done, and that will be done. Finally, they know what this war is for, what it is about. Not all of us in America know this yet, fully and instinctively. The British know it is a war for the right of peoples to be free, and for survival as a nation.

THE END

Les MacMitchell on the mark, all set for the gun.

THAT MYTHICAL 4-MINUTE MILE

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☆ A YOUNG fellow with a crew haircut and wearing what looked like a plum-colored ski suit was pounding around the wooden track when I visited New York University's intramural field the first snowy day of this winter.

"Who's that guy and what's he doing out there on a day like this?" I asked Emil von Elling, N. Y. U.'s veteran track coach.

"That *guy,*" he replied with deliberate emphasis, "is Leslie MacMitchell, the world's greatest runner, holder of the Weatherdon and the James E. Sullivan Memorial trophies; and he's out there on a day like this getting himself in condition to run a mile faster than any human has ever run it before!"

"That's a pretty big order," I said. "When's he going to do it?"

"We ain't sayin' when. Right now he's learning to pace himself." And then I noticed Von had a stop watch in his hand. "He breezed that quarter in 58.2," he said. "He's gotta get so's he can run quarters in even 60s whenever he wants to, and after that, all he's gotta do is string four of 'em together, and there's your four-minute mile!

"The kid just turned twenty-one a couple of months ago, and although he hasn't anywhere near reached his peak yet, already he's done things that no other runner ever did at his age, and has equaled some of the things done at their peaks by the world's greatest trackmen."

I knew he meant tying the world's indoor record of 4:7.4 in winning the Baxter Mile at the New York A. C. meet in Madison Square Garden on February 15, 1941, at the age of twenty.

"But let him tell you about it himself," said von Elling. The runner jogged over to us, breathing easily, although he had run a total distance of about five miles. He smilingly deprecated his performance in the Baxter Mile on the ground that he'd been "just lucky."

"I didn't think anything about a record," he said. "All I wanted to do was win. You see, just one year before, I'd made my first big-time appearance in the Garden, running in the Wanamaker Mile of the Millrose Games, and I'd proved to be a gosh-awful flop. I hadn't even finished and Chuck Fenske had won the race, equaling Glenn Cunningham's record of 4:07.4.

"This night Fenske was in there again and I thought he was the one I'd have to beat. But at the start Luigi Beccali took the lead and he carried the pace through the first quarter in 59.4 seconds. I was running second and when I heard that time, I eased back, so at the half I was fifth, with Fenske second, Venzke third, and Walter Mehl fourth.

"We raced along through the third quarter and then began to pour it on. Beccali and Fenske surprised me by dropping out here as Venzke took the lead. Mehl sprinted and overtook him, and now I knew Mehl was the fellow I had to beat. As I came to his shoulder he let out a link and kept the lead, so I had to fall back on the turn. When we straightened out I spurted and went past him, taking a lead of a couple of yards. I thought it was all over, but just before the finish I felt Walter almost on top of me. With a final lunge I busted the yarn as he touched my elbow. It was the greatest and closest finish I ever was in."

MacMitchell is a bright-looking, pleasant-faced brown-haired chap, five feet eleven inches tall and weighing from 160 to 165 pounds. He is sturdily built, and has remarkably well developed legs. Apparently much of his driving power lies in his calf muscles. This is proved by the fact that his heel bones, which anchor the terminals of those muscles, are so greatly developed that he has to cut part of the backs of his running shoes. That gave rise to the legend that an "attack of diphtheria, which he suffered at the age of seven, left him with a condition of the heel bones which made the pressure of his light running shoes unbearable." For years it appears to have been tradition's "union rule" that great distance runners must have had some terrible affliction to their legs. Cunningham's were scarred horribly in a fire; Bonthron was supposed to be a hopeless cripple as a result of prancing on a live wire; Mangan and San Romani had their legs crushed by trucks and narrowly escaped amputation; Venzke's leg was peppered with leaden pellets; and so on down the line. Hence something had to be the matter with MacMitchell's legs to justify his admission to the charmed circle of track greats. Hence the heel yarn.

I remember it used to be the idea that runners were spindle-shanked athletes with skinny legs and skinnier bodies. But the really great runners I have known were of sturdier build. Charley Paddock, for instance, had a powerfully built pair of legs. I also recall an Indian runner named Dick Armico, whom I knew back in the days when I thought I was going to be a pro runner myself. Dick wasn't as tall as this MacMitchell, and he had piano legs and wasn't any too slim in the barrel—but could he run! Like the wind!

Leslie MacMitchell was born on September 26, 1920, right in the center of Manhattan. He is of Scottish parentage. His father, who was a machinist, died when he was only nine years old, and his mother, Mrs. Mary MacMitchell, supported him through grammar and high school by working as housekeeper for a doctor. By his high scholastic standing, the boy qualified for Hayden Scholarship funds. His mother, an ardent athletic fan, knows exactly what diet is best for him, to keep him in tiptop physical condition.

It was not till he reached high-school age that Les thought of taking up foot racing. Then, in 1935, he went to Camp Pequot, near Bear Mountain. While at the camp, he won a couple of sprint races, and he returned to George Washington High School with a mild ambition to join the track squad, which was being coached by Tommy Greenwald. After a couple of tryouts, Greenwald, struck with the boy's natural ability, experimented with him at various distances, and was surprised to find him equally adapted for sprints and for distance events. Indeed, he ran everything except cross-country races, which he vowed he never would do. But when he returned from camp in the fall of 1937, weighing 175 pounds, Green-

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wald ordered a course of cross-country running to melt off the excess weight. It was then that Leslie discovered it was no trick at all for him to reel off three to five miles without tiring, and he began to win medals as a cross-country runner. To date he has won thirty-four of these races in a row, including three I. C. A. A. A. championships, a sweep which hadn't been made since Cornell's amazing John Paul Jones did it twenty years ago.

In his high-school and college career so far, Mac has won, or raced on winning relay teams, about a hundred times. He has run the quarter mile in 48.3 seconds, the half mile in 1:52, the 1,000 yards in 2:15, the three-quarters in 3:02, the mile in 4:07.4, and the two miles in close to record time. And on several occasions he has cracked cross-country records.

His cross-country training is held responsible by Coach von Elling for MacMitchell's all-round running excellence. "Distance running is really a test of strength more than of speed," said Von. "Few mile runners realize that. While there are ten thousand runners who can do a quarter mile in under one minute, there are scarcely ten who can do the last quarter in a hard mile race under sixty seconds. MacMitchell is one of these ten. He is stronger than Mehl, Fenske, and the others running today, and he recuperates quicker than any other athlete I've ever handled. I've never seen him exhausted after a hard race, and I've seen him win in three events in one night.

"Other things being equal, a good big man can beat a good little man on the track as well as in the ring, but you rarely find a fellow over 140 pounds with the speed, stamina, and rhythm to run a championship mile. When you do, brother, you've got something!"

☆ MacMITCHELL is one of those "low-heartbeat" athletes noted for their stamina and durability. The normal pulse is about 72 per minute. Paavo Nurmi's was 47, Glenn Cunningham's has been registered at 42, and I remember that Battling Nelson's was reported at that same mark. But MacMitchell's, they tell me, was reported at 38!

Les has a deep chest, but he shows a chest expansion of only two inches —the same, by the way, as Joe Louis'. But he has what von Elling calls a fine lung capacity and "his metabolism enables him to replenish red blood corpuscles in an abnormally short time; he doesn't suffer from a lactic hangover." (Whew, and I hope you are the same!)

Other data about MacMitchell supplied by his track mentor are that he's easy to train; has a "great fund of common sense"; likes and is expert at golf, swimming, tennis; has the knack of taking off weight as Johnny Dundee had; has a "racing head" and "good balance"; is a fast starter and has a driving finish, but can maintain a hard pace throughout any race. There is nothing of the prima donna about him. When he failed to finish the Wanamaker Mile in his debut in the Garden, it was found that he had started in the race suffering from a well developed case of intestinal influenza, though he never mentioned this to anybody; it only came out when he was forced to bed.

He entered the School of Education of N. Y. U. in September, 1938. He majored in physical and health education, and expects to be a teacher of these subjects after his graduation next June. He was re-elected captain of the cross-country team in 1941 and elected indoor track captain for the 1941-42 season. Besides winning the James E. Sullivan award and the Weatherdon trophy, he was appointed athletic director of the N. Y. U. 1941 Freshman Camp at Lake Sebago.

In his studies during his junior year he earned eleven As, three Bs, and one C, and this year he has maintained an average of 90 so far.

Les puts in a busy day. Up at 7.15 A. M., he has breakfast and is in the subway on his way to school by eight. After school, at 3 P. M. he takes the subway to Ohio Field and does his training on the track there. After that, back in the subway at 6 P. M., and supper at 6.45. Study and relaxation till 10.45 at the latest, when it's "lights out" for him.

Altogether, a pretty swell record for a fellow who has just turned twenty-one!

"I'm on the subway so much," he informed us with a grin, "that some of the boys have nicknamed me the Subway Express."

Coach Emil von Elling thinks he has the supertrack athlete in Leslie MacMitchell. Von told me in parting: "Oh, he'll do a mile in four some day. Only thing that worries me is that, instead of stringing together four one-minute quarters, he might forget himself and slip in a couple of fifty-niners and gum up the works by doing a mile in *less* than four minutes. And *that* would be *terrible!*"

Les in action. Notice those legs of his.

THE END

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

Ginger Rogers acts in Roxie Hart—and stops the show.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ROXIE HART (for headwork and footwork)

The reactions to this burlesque of a burlesque will probably vary. It's based on a play of the middle '20s called Chicago, which satirized numerous aspects of that high, wide, and handsome period.

Nunnally Johnson, as producer-writer, has made Roxie Hart even more venomous and brittle than it was when the original play hit Broadway fifteen years ago. His account of an innocent girl pretending that she is a murderess, but beating the rap with the help of a mouthpiece and a Cook County jury, comes under the heading of astringent entertainment. To my masculine mind, it is extremely amusing for most of the time.

It is chiefly amusing because that elegant actress, Ginger Rogers, is in there doing all of her stuff through sequence after sequence. And by all of her stuff I mean that Ginger acts like sixty in the title role and tosses in some magnificent hoofing for good measure. Her Roxie is the last word in the way of a burlesque. From the moment you see her running up and down a fire escape in a Chicago apartment house, after a lug has been killed in her living room, through the mock trial, to the final pay-off when she is shown as the fond mother of a huge brood, she never misses a trick in pointing up the humor of the picture. In addition she has one magnificent unaccompanied dance number on the iron steps of a jail which reminds one that she is a hoofer extraordinary.

It happens that I saw her first performance on Broadway. Without any advance billing, she stopped a big musical show. She's been stopping shows ever since, and she stops Roxie Hart on numerous occasions. She has lots of veteran players helping her out in her new photoplay, but she is the player who really delivers.

Adolphe Menjou plays the lawyer, or mouthpiece, with his tongue in his cheek but great comic authority. Sara Allgood as a prison matron, William Frawley as a tough reporter, Nigel Bruce, Spring Byington, and George Montgomery turn in performances that you're likely to remember for a while.

It's a bit strange to find Chicago being revived on the screen after all these years. But the fact remains that it is an uproarious burlesque which should remind all Americans that we have not been without our frailties.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

★ ★ ★ RIDE 'EM COWBOY (for clowns in clover)

If it's laughs you want, don't miss this cockeyed Abbott-Costello feature. The most popular clowns of the moment do just about everything. They impersonate a cow, race perilously around Arizona roads in a jaloppy, and in general contrive an uproarious fantasy about dude-ranch doings.

To be sure, there is a generous amount of early-vintage slapstick in the picture, but the boys manage to make their nonsensical monkey business hilarious. Once more Costello plays the shy, dumb guy who always winds up with the pot in a poker game. Abbott is the straight man of all time, refusing to believe that his partner is being heckled by Indians, or is relaxing in a wild auto chase with a big black bear at the wheel. It's as wacky as that throughout.

Abbott and Costello.

The usual trimmings are to be found in the film. There's the conventional romance, prettily played by Dick Foran and Anne Gwynne. Ella Fitzgerald and the Merry Macs make music now and then. And there are shots of penthouse parties and rodeos. What matters with this item is that the stars try to make you laugh and succeed in most of their tries.

(Universal.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—(None.)

★★★½—Joan of Paris, Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner, H. M. Pulham, Esq., How Green Was My Valley.

★★★—Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American, Woman of the Year, Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Eager, Mr. Big Goes to Town, Hellzapoppin, Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers, Sundown, Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night, Playmates.

MICKEY MOUSE'S BIGGEST MOMENTS

Gags that have rung the bell! Judged by laughter and the box-office score, these are his most successful antics

BY HOWARD SHARPE

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ DURING Walt Disney's recent South American expedition, he was asked to give a chalk talk—with an easel and big sheets of paper—before the school children of Mendoza, Argentina. Then a difficulty arose: the audience knew no English and Walt knew no Spanish.

While the young of Mendoza waited expectantly, Disney explained to the interpreter that since he was unable to entertain them any other way, he would stand on his head for them. He did—and he was a vast success.

Small wonder. Confronted with any impasse in the art of entertainment Disney will always resort to pantomime, for in its technique he is the world's greatest master; from his happy wizardry at pictorial humor, indeed, was born the hugely profitable business of making cartoon movies.

Mickey Mouse, Walt's first and still favorite creature of ink, is also better at his job when standing on his head than he is when talking. Strictly speaking, not all the gags in a Mickey Mouse comedy revolve around Mickey himself, since he isn't supposed to be funny in the sense of being a clown. Rather he is the entrepreneur for his little band of friends and pets: Minnie, a girl mouse; Pluto, Mickey's dog; Goofy the Goof, Pegleg Pete, and all the others.

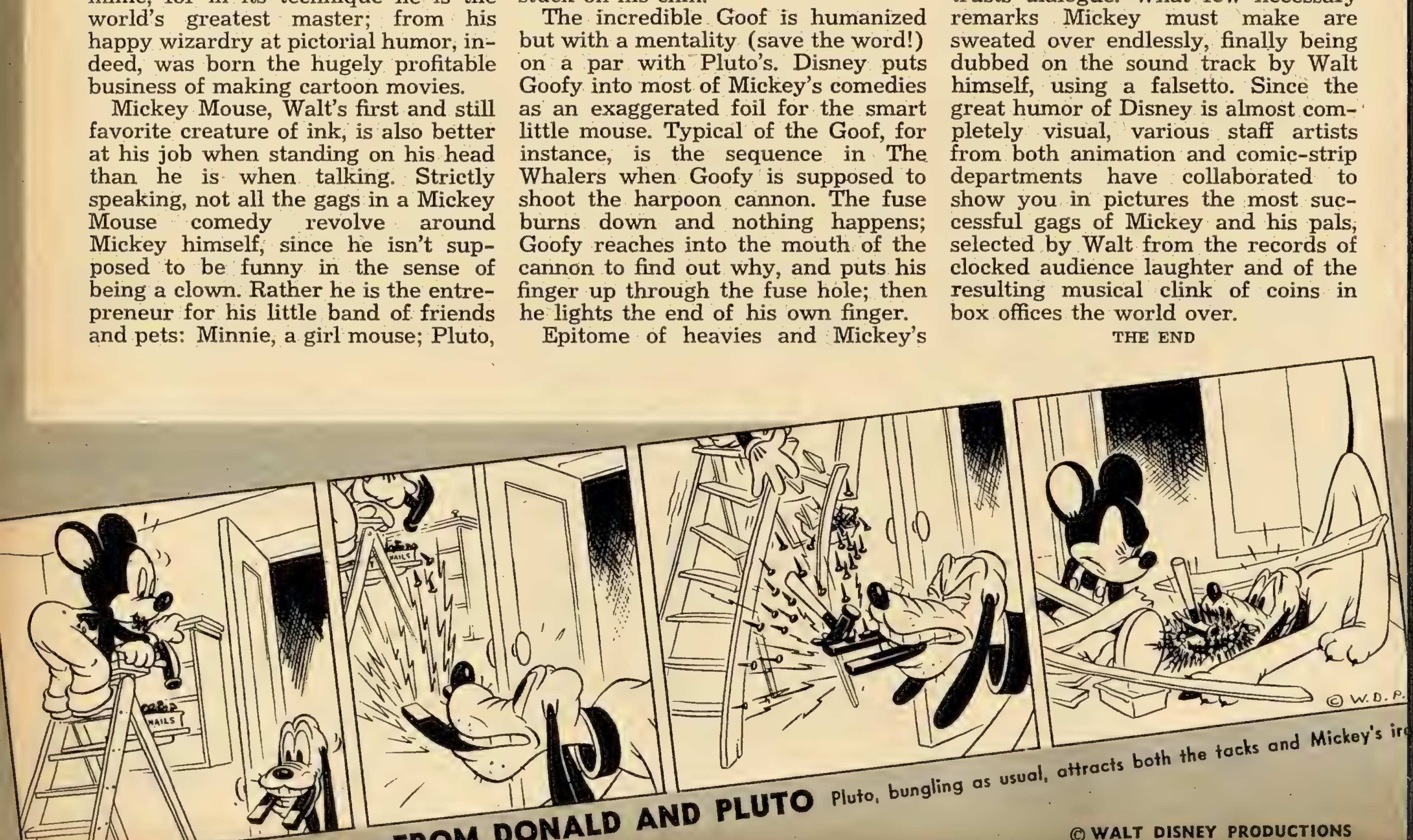
In earlier days, however, Mickey made Walt's success and fortune almost singlehanded, with the other characters, as yet undeveloped, serving as background only. They emerged slowly as individuals: Donald Duck "stole" The Orphans Benefit and subsequently became such a popular character that he is here mentioned only briefly because he deserves a story of his own later on. Among Mickey's gang of assistant comedians Pluto is, next to Donald, the most consistently amusing, often carrying an entire picture almost alone. Sentimental, willing but ineffectual, he is a natural for situations such as the gag in which he swallows a magnet, or gets a piece of flypaper stuck on his chin.

The incredible Goof is humanized but with a mentality (save the word!) on a par with Pluto's. Disney puts Goofy into most of Mickey's comedies as an exaggerated foil for the smart little mouse. Typical of the Goof, for instance, is the sequence in The Whalers when Goofy is supposed to shoot the harpoon cannon. The fuse burns down and nothing happens; Goofy reaches into the mouth of the cannon to find out why, and puts his finger up through the fuse hole; then he lights the end of his own finger.

Epitome of heavies and Mickey's eternal enemy, Pegleg Pete is the bullying type of crook, shrewd but not smart enough to outwit Mickey; cowardly in the end, where he inevitably catches it. He has kidnaped Minnie Mouse innumerable times so Mickey could save her. She is as typical a feminine young girl as Mickey is the perfect Boy Scout—in all except action shorts that is, when he seems quite adult. He is at his best and funniest when struggling valiantly, determinedly against rising odds. Successive frustrations make him mad but never craven.

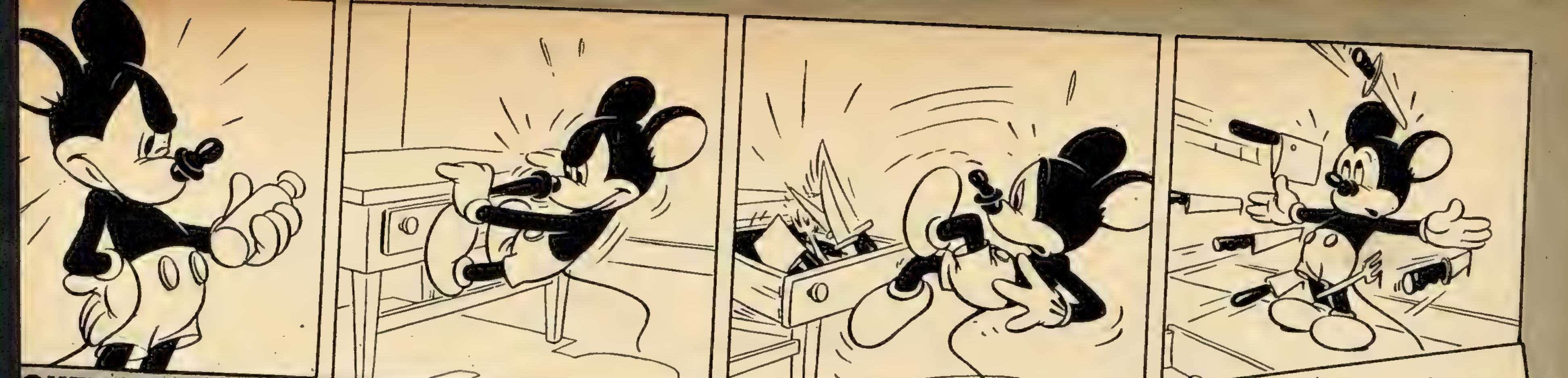
☆ IN none of the early triumphs, any more than in today's technically superb little masterpieces, did Mickey or his friends say very much. At home with pantomime, Disney distrusts dialogue. What few necessary remarks Mickey must make are sweated over endlessly, finally being dubbed on the sound track by Walt himself, using a falsetto. Since the great humor of Disney is almost completely visual, various staff artists from both animation and comic-strip departments have collaborated to show you in pictures the most successful gags of Mickey and his pals, selected by Walt from the records of clocked audience laughter and of the resulting musical clink of coins in box offices the world over.

THE END

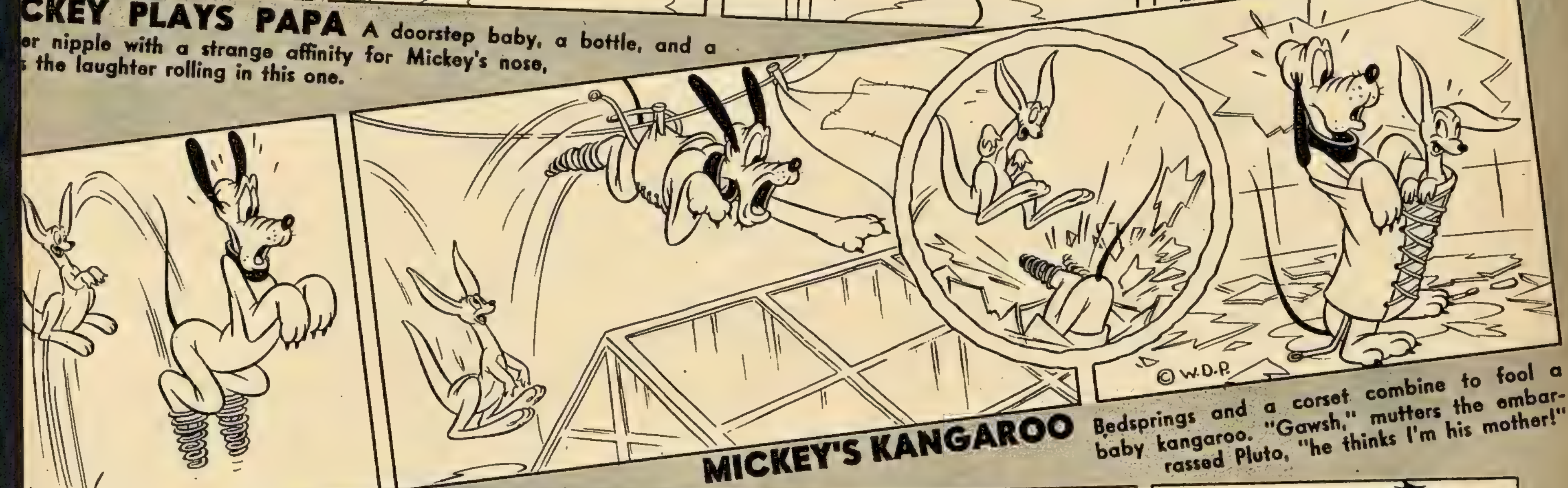


FROM DONALD AND PLUTO Pluto, bungling as usual, attracts both the tacks and Mickey's ir

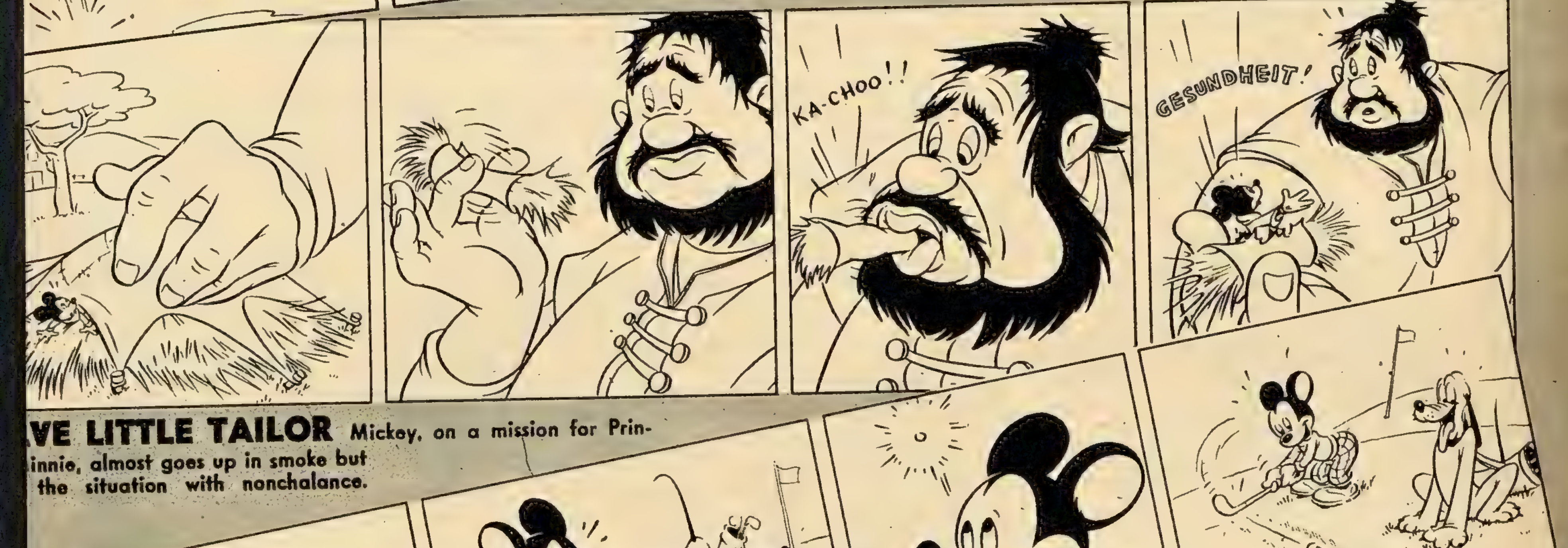
© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS



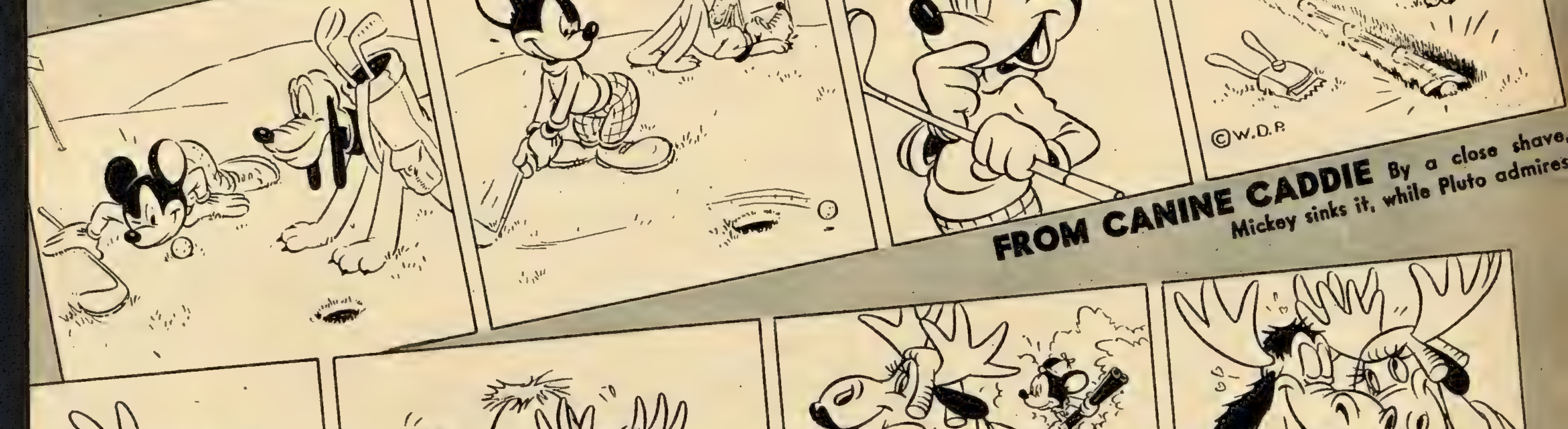
CKEY PLAYS PAPA A doorstep baby, a bottle, and a
er nipple with a strange affinity for Mickey's nose,
s the laughter rolling in this one.



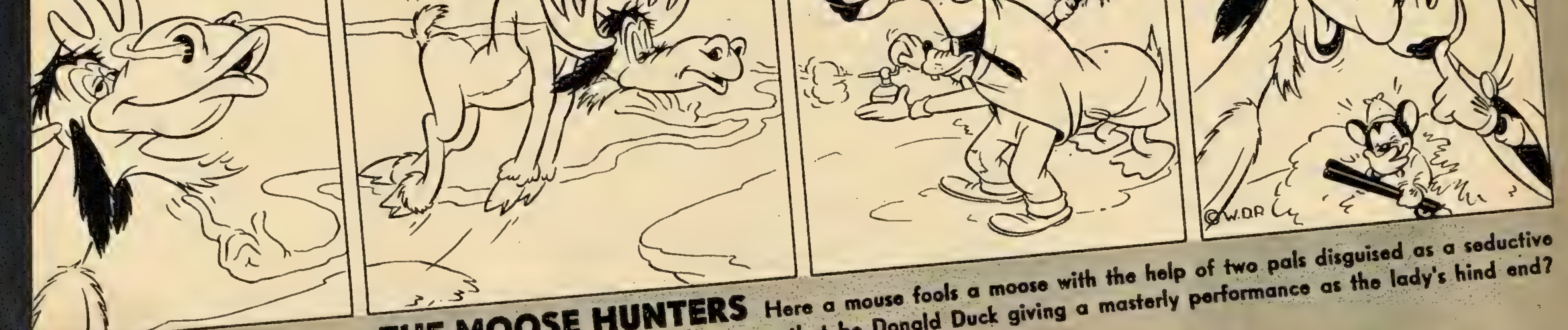
MICKEY'S KANGAROO Bedsprings and a corset combine to fool a baby kangaroo. "Gawsh," mutters the embarrassed Pluto, "he thinks I'm his mother!"


KA-CHOO!!
GESUNDHEIT!

VE LITTLE TAILOR Mickey, on a mission for Prin-
innie, almost goes up in smoke but
the situation with nonchalance.



FROM CANINE CADDIE By a close shave, Mickey sinks it, while Pluto admires.



THE MOOSE HUNTERS Here a mouse fools a moose with the help of two pals disguised as a seductive forest siren. Can that be Donald Duck giving a masterly performance as the lady's hind end?

© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

THIS MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ I STILL get along without a crutch although I've reached the ripe old age of thirty-five years. Some fourteen years ago I first took my wings. Since then I have been training students and flying passengers off and on. I have never had a student turned down by the CAA. My logged time is well over 1,000 hours.

Then I find that the Navy wants commercial pilots. They ask for a commercial license, 100 hours in the past twelve months, two years of college, and I have all of 'em so help me, *but*—I have false teeth, so they turn me down!

I have known many pilots in my day but I'll be damned if I know one who has ever flown with his teeth.

This is a free country and I want to be free to do my share of fighting for it; why won't they let me?

F. W., Portland, Ore.

How do you know that you might not have to bite a Jap some day? The Navy has to cover *every* contingency. Seriously, and in all sympathy, you and I both know that certain minimum physical standards must be maintained even though they're tough to take in many individual cases. But if there's not a spot for you somewhere in all the defense set-up I'll eat my cap with *your* false teeth.

All right, old-timer, you asked for it. There is plenty of professional jealousy among officer personnel over the fact that Air Force officers draw more pay than combat officers of the same grade, although now that we are at war the hazards are greater for ground forces. Flying one of Uncle Sam's ships these days is safer than being in church.

The combat officer has just as many, if not more, responsibilities; an equal number of dependents and loved ones; and wears the same uniform, which costs him just as much. And his risks are far greater.

For that matter, why should a Q. M. or A. G. D. officer, far behind the fighting lines in comparative comfort and security, draw the same pay and be permitted even greater privileges than the Infantry or Artillery officer who risks his life a hundred times a day? Have you ever talked to a doughboy shavetail over the injustices of the pay scale? Try it.

"Mustang," Fort Jackson, S. C.

You refer to "Shavetail's" letter, printed in January 24 Liberty. I have no authority to speak for the Air Corps (although I can think of some good arguments) but read the following letter from an officer who, while not in the Air Corps, expresses a commendable and farsighted point of view.

Why should men of the Air Force get more money, indeed! Why shouldn't they? Why shouldn't men of the other arms, too? Because there's been an advance in the treatment of one new arm, is it sounder logic to drag it back to the old level or to push ahead and use it as an example of what can be done for Army men? We should be glad that some of us are able to show that better times are ahead for all of us. As to the safety of the air arm, let the man in the culvert watch the paratroops crawling into a safe hole in a cloud. "Shavetail" sounds to me like, "Mama, Johnny's got a bigger piece of cake than I have." Baby stuff.

Capt. C. B. L.,
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Although barely inside This Man's Army, I'm already worrying about the cost of repairing the glasses which I wear to correct a slight deficiency of vision in one eye. I have a bad habit of breaking them every so often, and in civilian life I didn't mind the cost of upkeep; but now, on twenty-one dollars per, I'm likely to be broke all the time. Is there any way I can get a special rate or something like that?

Pvt. J. S., Camp Roberts, Calif.

Cheer up! A new 1942 ruling says: "The Army will provide all persons in the military service with spectacles, when required, and will replace lenses and frames when either or both are damaged or lost in performance of military duty. Spectacles will conform to specifications to be issued by the Surgeon General of the Army. Personnel desiring spectacles not conforming to these specifications must obtain them at their own expense."

I am a buck private in the Army Air Corps and enjoy the life of a private very much, but recently I've begun to wonder what my chances would be to enroll in an officers' training school and qualify for a commission. If you could give me a little information on that point I would be deeply grateful.

Pvt. J. W. S., Meridian, Miss.

During 1942 the War Department expects 90,000 enlisted men to try for commissions in the Officers Candidate Schools. Approximately 75,000 will earn their bars. Every man in the Army will have an opportunity to qualify. A rating of 110 in the General Classification test is necessary and a man must have had a minimum basic training period of three months. Qualities of leadership are stressed above all, and an applicant with a limited formal education can compensate with practical experience and self-education plus leadership ability. Applications are made through unit commanders and referred to an examining board of officers.

PVT.: Sir, Private Pecuniary has permission of the First Sergeant to speak to the Squadron Commander.

C. O.: State your business.

PVT.: Sir—why the hell wasn't I paid?

Sheppard Field Texacts.

ROAD UNDER DESTRUCTION PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER
AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

☆ GIVING the boys a good time was the subject of a recent conversation between myself and Hildegarde, popular songstress and entertainer. We had in mind the amusement programs most suitable for Army and Navy men. . . . "I've noticed," said Hildegarde, "that you build your page around seven varied items. I build my song programs around seven numbers, too. . . . First, a song neither gay nor sad, more for myself than for the audience, to help me get the feel of the crowd. Second, a timely ballad to attract attention and create silence. Third, a song with clever, witty lyrics. This shows I am a sophisticate and know my listeners are sophisticated. They're flattered. I then take a short intermission. For my fourth number I do a song in a foreign language. It has most of the audience guessing, except those who understand it, and they feel superior. Next I do a song every one knows, an old song preferably, so the audience can sing the chorus with me. If the reception is enthusiastic I give an encore. My sixth is a brand-new song, just out of Tin-Pan Alley, to please the people who like everything new. Seventh and last, I sing a sentimental ballad. My listeners have been through many emotions. I try to leave them soothed, in a quiet mood.". . . It's more than talent, you see, that makes Hildegarde famous. It's careful planning as well. . . . Two things frustrate her:

Her hair won't grow long, and she can't learn double talk.

☆ WRITTEN on the run: . . . Westward bound from Chicago, I pause at Spokane for a talk to members of the hospitable Early Birds' Breakfast Club—but the hour is eight at night! Good roast beef and a grand audience. . . . At Portland, Oregon, I visit the Jantzen mills in a howling sleet-storm to preview next summer's bathing suits. Watch for the new rust color; it will be a beach favorite, I think. . . . Up on their toes all the time, these Westerners, as I discover when I ask the hotel chef some housewifely questions about Oregon preserves. Within fifteen minutes I am called on by a Chamber of Commerce representative bearing samples of preserves and *fireweed honey,* an Oregon specialty I find deliciously different. . . . Later I meet local cattlemen, who tell me their best steers lose weight if frightened, so they *whisper* instead of shouting at the animals when driving a fine herd to the depot for shipment! Was I being kidded, or what?

☆ A SAN FRANCISCO hostess of my acquaintance keeps open house one evening a week, and her friends flock around for a plate of this satisfying, inexpensive *Deep Dish Tamale Pie:* . . . Line sides and bottom of baking dish with yellow corn-meal mush, fresh cooked but cool enough to hold shape. Simmer 2 sliced onions in 2 tablespoons butter; add 1 pound hamburger, ½ cup chopped ham, 2 cups canned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 teaspoons chile powder. Bring to boil; simmer 5 minutes longer; then pour into baking dish. Cover top completely with small pieces mush. Sprinkle with melted butter and grated cheese. Bake until brown—about 30 minutes. Serve red-hot, direct from baking dish, with a mixed salad of lettuce, chopped apple, canned cherries.

☆ ON your list of distinguished debs inscribe the name of tall, blonde, beautiful Mary Bowles, economically independent West Coast socialite, twenty-three, who teaches flying at Palo Alto Field to pupils ranging in age from twenty to sixty. "Young or old," says Mary, "they learn to fly only if they can take a talking-to."

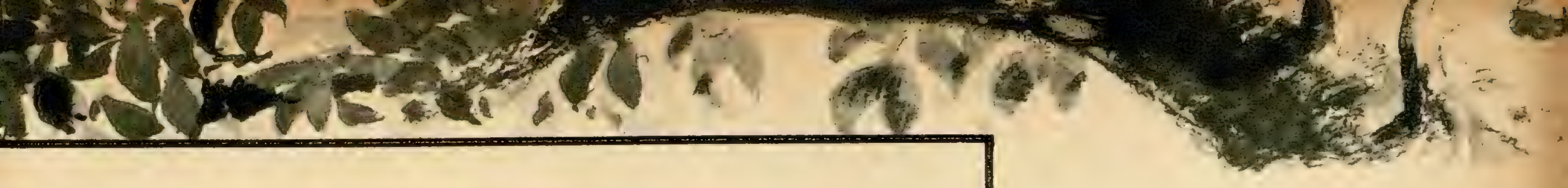
In spare time she draws pictures of endearing Disneyish creatures and makes up fanciful stories about them; also poems. A line from one of her verses bids us wisely to the cherishment . . . "of dreams unmarred by careless thought." Some deb! — as Winston Churchill might say.

☆ NOW that thirty million Americans are playing gin rummy, the new Gyn Mat devised by the Syracuse Ornamental Company merits national mention. Made of colored plastic wood, Gyn Mats come in four shades; hold cards in place; give players the comfort of sliding cards out from any angle. Handy for travel use. $1.75 to $4.

☆ PERIL revives our most primitive gestures. At a hotel in Los Angeles, the day after the Pearl Harbor bombing, I watched women react to the bell alarm of an air-raid test. Every woman came out of her room clutching her midriff in her hands—instinctive gesture for the protection of the source of life.

☆ SPOOK fanciers will enjoy Marion Lowndes' new book of real American ghost stories—Ghosts that Still Walk. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.)

A rending sound like the end of the world drowned out his voice.



FROM THIS DAY Forward

BY ELSWYTH THANE

A woman will fight for the man she loves, but when a man kills for the woman he loves . . Is that different?

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ALTHOUGH they are very much in love, Rodney Monroe and Elizabeth Dare fight against marriage to each other. Rodney, a young ornithologist, wants to be free to go on trips to faraway places in search of rare birds. Elizabeth, a singer and dancer in exclusive night clubs and musical shows, has her career and if she marries, she wants a husband who will stay at home. Hoping that one more expedition will cure Rodney of his craving for field trips, Elizabeth persuades Andrew Blaine, who handles her affairs, to finance one to Central America. She intends to stay home and appear in a musical comedy. Then, unable to bear the idea of separation, she marries him anyway and goes with him to the tropics.

At Santa Rosa the party—including Rodney's friend Charles, Dr. and Mrs. Guerber — two refugee scientists — and three other men—live at the Casa Paraiso, a lovely Spanish-style house built by an American. The scientists settle down to work. Elizabeth amuses herself by learning new Spanish songs and dances from two little native boys, Vicente and Amadeo, and by taking pictures to send home to Andrew.

One day she goes up a mule track not far from the house to get a photograph of a calendar stone. Suddenly she is confronted by a man, dirty, unshaven, and very drunk, wearing a holster with a gun in it. He comes toward her and, to her horror, reaches for her.

PART V
LIZ DARE GROWS UP

RODNEY, at work at his table in the *sala,* raised his head sharply and listened. Charles, who sat beside him, looked up inquiringly.

"I thought I heard Liz in the road," said Rodney, and rose and started for the door. "Until she can tell her snakes apart, I'd just as soon she was afraid of them all!"

As he emerged from the house into the mule track the familiar cry came again from up the hill:

"Rodney! *Come quick!* RODNEY!!"

He broke into a run.

Guided by what became a continuous wordless screaming, he plunged into the undergrowth and came upon the struggle. He was, of course, unarmed. His quick eyes saw the Colt .45 in its holster, saw that the man was drunk, saw that with Elizabeth fighting and twisting in his arms the chance of getting a decisive hold on him at the first try was remote. Rodney stood still and spoke in biting Spanish, requesting the fellow, in effect, to take his filthy hairy paws off his (Rodney's) wife and be quick about it.

Elizabeth's captor, being very drunk indeed on a potent native brew of the *aguardiente* species, swung round to face him with her still pinioned in his hold, and made a flattering comment on Rodney's taste in wives, at the same time passing a glance like an insolent hand down her body. Rodney, whose eyes had gone oddly bright and narrow, repeated his request in still plainer language, with reference to the man's immediate family connections—he swore much more freely in Spanish than in English—and the man, being perhaps hypersensitive about his relations, drew the .45.

Rodney moved then—it was impossible to see quite how. Elizabeth felt the impact, heard the gun go off once harmlessly above their heads, was dragged down with them, rolled clear, and sat up dazedly to see them locked together on the ground. It was then that she showed real presence of mind. She began to yell for Charles.

At the same time she looked round for any kind of weapon, and seized a jagged chunk of rock. Rodney's voice came to her, panting but calm.

"Stand back, Liz—don't try to help —if you love me!"

Their hands were gripped together on the gun. Elizabeth stood above them, yelling for Charles, and saw with horror that slowly, surely, with deliberate intent, Rodney was forcing the gun back between their bodies. A few seconds more they rolled and strained and grunted, the gun between them. Then it went off again, and just as it did so Charles and Frank crashed on to the scene, white-faced.

Rodney wriggled out from under and sat up, disheveled, ground-stained, and breathless. Elizabeth dropped to her knees beside him, sobbing in a tearless sort of way while her hands touched his face, pushed back his hair, counted his arms and legs, which were all there.

"I'm all right, Liz—don't howl—I'm not hurt—"

Charles was bending over the motionless stranger, whose fingers still gripped his own gun.

"I'm afraid you've killed him, son," said Charles quietly.

"That's what I meant to do," said Rodney just as quietly, and their eyes met across the body.

"Naturally," said Charles then, with a slight effort, and added, "But what do we do with it now?"

"Well," said Rodney, getting rather stiffly to his feet and brushing himself off, "let's take him into town and present him to the police with our compliments. The chances are that nobody loves him—much."

"The main thing is going to be to keep you out of the hoosegow while they assess the damage," worried Charles.

"We'll try what ready cash can do about that," Rodney said. "You boys drag him on to his horse. I've had enough of him. Come on, Liz—" He reached down a helping hand to where she still knelt at his feet, looking up at him with wide scared eyes.

"I called you and you came," she said flatly. "He might have k-killed you—oh, *Rodney!*"

He caught her just as she tipped sidewise into a fine Victorian faint.

THAT'S what I meant to do. The words ticked in her mind as she sat between Rodney and Charles in the front seat of the touring car on the way down to the police station at Santa Rosa. Charles drove. And in the back seat, decently wrapped in a horse blanket, was the body of the man Rodney had killed because he meant to. Not in anger, not just in self-defense —but with deliberate intention. The dead man's own finger had been on the trigger—underneath Rodney's. But it was still murder.

And she—who had had some idea of cracking the man's skull with a rock in case Rodney was getting the worst of it—she had only just stopped short of murder herself! She had been ready to kill, with her own hands, with all the strength she had—to save Rodney. But Rodney hadn't killed just to save himself. *That's what I meant to do.* He had given himself away, hadn't he, to all of them who heard him? He had killed because of her.

She knew it in every blackening bruise left by the dead man's hands, in the sick release from terror which still surged through her in receding waves, and in the protective curve of Rodney's shoulder against hers as he sat sidewise between her and the car door, with his arm along the back of the seat behind her. Because of her, he was guilty of murder in a strange and savage country—but surely even here a man who killed in defense of his wife would go free? That was their story, already agreed on, and in its essentials it was certainly true.

But there was more to it than that, and all three of them knew it. The man had been more or less under control, Charles was on the way, the gun was still in the clear—and it was because of some leering words in Spanish, because he had held her defenseless in Rodney's sight, that he died. *That's what I meant to do.* Each time the words sent a shiver of primitive excitement through her civilized nerves.

She stared down dizzily at his lean brown hand as it lay palm upward in his lap, cradling her own wrist where the big black-and-blue blotches were coming out on the tender skin—his right hand—it was his left which had pressed the dead man's finger on the trigger.

* * *

"RODNEY, I th-think I'm going to be sick—"

"Stop the car, Charles," he said calmly.

Charles brought the car to a standstill, and they both sat looking down at her sympathetically while she fought off nausea. When things steadied she found she was gripping Rodney's hand till her nails bit in, and he endured it without comment.

"Let's get out a minute," he was saying. "Let's walk a little way."

He opened the door. Guided by his compelling hands, she stepped down weakly into the road and fell into step with him, while Charles followed along behind them in low gear.

"Rodney, you did it on purpose."

"They can't prove that."

"But you meant to kill him. You said so."

"M'm-hm. Well, how about you with that rock?"

"I thought you were in danger."

"You thought right. For about five long seconds he had me on toast—just before I spoke to you—and he missed his chance." They walked on slowly, his arm around her waist. "You don't like having an assassin for a husband, is that it?" he queried, touching as he often did on the sore spot in her mind. "Honey, he'd lived long enough. You—or the next woman. And it might have been Carmela or Antonina—and she'd have been found dead. You wouldn't have preferred that, would you—just to keep my hands clean? Oh, why dress it up?" he broke off unexpectedly. "He mauled you and I killed him. They won't hang me down here for that!"

She melted against his side, within the hard circle of his arm. "It's a funny thing," she said. "I thought I was civilized—but suddenly I could kiss your hands."

"Not here," he said gravely. "All right, Charles." He helped her back into the car.

* * *

SANTA ROSA had not finished its siesta, and the streets were almost empty when they reached the police station. The three of them went in.

A young man with greasy hair and sleepy eyes emerged from a back room and regarded them haughtily. His gold-braided coat was unbuttoned, revealing linen far from fresh and a furry chest.

Rodney explained in his easy Spanish that his wife had been attacked not a hundred yards from her home by a drunken outlaw; that hearing her screams he himself had gone to her rescue; that as soon as he appeared the outlaw had pulled a gun on him, which in the ensuing struggle had gone off and (unfortunately) slain its owner; and that the body was outside in their car, and would some one kindly send out and collect it.

The young man in gold braid clicked his tongue in distress. Then he shouted until a pair of heavy-eyed policemen appeared, also very unbuttoned, and commanded them to go and bring in the carcass they would find in the back of the señor's car.

Meanwhile Father Joseph had happened along in the street and had recognized the Casa Paraiso car, with the unmistakable bundle in the back seat, around which flies buzzed. Incredulously lifting a corner of the horse blanket, he beheld, still incredulously, the face of the corpse.

He stood back and watched the two policemen lug the blanket-wrapped bundle into the police station. Then he followed them to just outside the door, where he flattened himself—so far as that was possible—against the wall, and indulged in a little eavesdropping.

He heard the Señor Doctor call attention to the fact that from the condition of the wound it was plain that the gun had gone off beween them at very close range in the struggle, and that it was the dead man's own gun, and not one in the señor's possession. He heard Señor MacDonald point out that one had only to look at the marks on the señora's wrists to see the sort of thing she had been subjected to. Passports were produced, there was mention of the nearest American consul, and then, cutting across the Spanish curlicues of officialdom:

"How much?" demanded the Señor Doctor crisply in the same tongue.

There was naturally some official reluctance expressed at so hasty a settlement of so grave a matter—there was also some official delicacy about naming an official price—which was finally fixed at forty American dollars.

Very soon after that, Rodney, Charles, and Elizabeth emerged from the police station to find Father Joseph standing just outside, against the bulletin board to which were affixed the notices of local interest—Lost and Found, fiesta dates, band concerts, and so forth. Father Joseph ignored Rodney's polite greeting with a knowing smile, and pointed silently to a placard on the notice board which offered in plain bold type a reward, amounting to forty American dollars, for one Juan Bolivar, so-called, dead or alive, wanted for the murder of a policeman and the theft of his gun.

Rodney read the placard in a single angry glance.

"Please come in with me," he said to Father Joseph, and ripped the placard from the notice board and walked into the police station.

The *commandante* was just indicating to the policemen that the body of Juan Bolivar, so-called, might be removed from the presence, and he looked round suspiciously as Rodney entered, followed by the priest, with Charles and Elizabeth behind. Rodney slapped the placard down on the desk and said that he would have his forty dollars back, *muy pronto*. When it was not immediately forthcoming, he added a blistering comment to the effect that he didn't so much mind doing the local constabulary's dirty work and mopping up the local bad man free, *de gracia*, for nothing, but that he did object to being fined for taking what were, after all, merely the sanitary precautions which the local constabulary were too (and here followed several well chosen adjectives from a language rich in opprobrium) to attend to themselves; and that he laid no claim to the reward, as forty dollars all at one time had probably never before been seen on the premises, and for all he cared never would be again, once the money he had deposited a few minutes before was duly returned to him, which it would be. Now. He held out his hand.

Under the accusing eyes of the Church, the young man in gold braid put a feeble hand into his pocket and brought out the money. Rodney took it from him and clapped it into Father Joseph's astonished palm.

"For your poor," he said briefly, and stalked out to the car.

* * *

THEY ate a belated dinner while the others gathered round the table to hear the rest of the story of Juan Bolivar, so-called. Sturgis was much amused by it. His plain pudding face broke all up into chuckles, and his rather nondescript blue eyes rested on Rodney with a fatherly pride and affection.

After dinner Elizabeth went into the library with some needlework and turned on the radio. She was sitting there alone when Sturgis came in and said he wanted a detective story to read, and pottered along the shelves. "Something nice and tame," he said. "Life's too exciting around here."

Elizabeth smiled. "You're all so pleased with him you can't contain yourselves," she said. "Does any man ever get too old for playing Indians?"

"I couldn't say yet," said Sturgis. "I'm only sixty-one." He glanced at her shrewdly across the room. "Give you kind of a funny feeling?" he queried.

"I'm afraid it does," she admitted, still smiling. "I thought I was going to be sick in the car, going down. Rodney was awfully nice about it. He always is when I disgrace him."

"In this case he had no room to be otherwise. Rodney lost his lunch."

"Wha-at?" She stared at him incredulously.

"In the bathroom, right after he brought you round. Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it," he said, his round face crinkled and benign.

"Well, I—I think I'm glad you did," she said gropingly.

"I thought perhaps you would be. And I knew he'd never tell you himself."

Their eyes met. In silence they exchanged a small intimate smile over Rodney who had killed a man and then been sick in the bathroom. Somehow, to Elizabeth, it made all the difference.

Sturgis, having accomplished what he came for, remembered his detective story and departed with a book under his arm, just as Rodney came in.

"Rodney, he's a darling!" she said in an awed whisper.

"I thought you'd notice that eventually," he smiled, and wisely forebore to ask what Sturgis had been saying. He came and sat down beside her and smoothed out the needlework between her hands to look at it. "Very nice," he said.

He rubbed his thumb lightly across her neat stitches—it was the last small necessity to his mental digestion of his day, to find her with a pile of bright wools in her lap, stitching a new cover for the seat of a Chippendale chair at home. She was safe, she wasn't having hysterics, and she was his—his first by right of conquest, and now by a peculiarly satisfying form of jungle law. He felt suddenly tired to the point of exhaustion, but—and this was somehow her doing—strangely at peace.

"Rodney"—her lips were close to his ear—"I'm crazy about you!"

"You don't say," he murmured, gratified, and kissed her recklessly, just as Charles came in to say that he was going down to turn off the lights now.

* * *

WHEN she clung to him next morning, with the soft moth kisses of her orphan ways, he feared that she was apologizing for being the involuntary cause of his blooding, and decided on a form of mental hygiene which he put into effect immediately.

He and Charles, on one of their scouting trips after nests, had come upon a Mayan relic of considerable size—a tall three-sided stone stairway decorated with hieroglyphs, which rose above the clogging jungle growth with steps the size of bleacher seats, and came to an abrupt end in mid-air. Jasmine fronds clothed it in perfume, which drew the hummingbirds; orchids, lantana, and giant fern grew round it; great jungle trees towered above it, where shy toucans and raucous parrots perched and monkeys chattered. He suggested that they make a picnic, just the two of them, taking their lunch, and photograph the stair for Andrew. Because it meant a whole day of his undivided company, Elizabeth was delighted.

"HARDTACK"
Reamer Keller

BY REAMER KELLER

"I guess we were standing right in the first place, Peewee."

They set out soon after breakfast on two of the undersized patient horses of the country, lunch and the camera in their saddlebags. The stairway lay beyond the ruined village, several miles up the half-obliterated track which dwindled fast above the Casa Paraiso. They would eat their lunch on the stair, and return at their leisure before dark. Elizabeth's eyes were bright and her heart was light. Rodney was hers again, for a whole day. She could say whatever she liked to him, and no one could hear. If he kissed her—if!—Mrs. Guerber wouldn't see. Life was sweet, and she was glad she had come to Central America.

Rodney's conscience smote him as he observed her touching happiness. It took very little to make her happy. He should have thought of doing something like this sooner. He had neglected her heartlessly, he was a selfish brute, and anyway he had never seen her lovelier—she had pushed her hair all up inside the crown of her immense sombrero because of the heat, she sat her pony easily, long-legged as a boy, her arms were slim and brown.

The track was shaded by an arch of jungle green which grew so low and lavishly that they had to dismount every now and then to force their way through it, though only the week before Jamaica had been up with his machete to cut away the tangle.

"It's like being ant-size," said Elizabeth, lifting her face to where the treetops would be if one could have seen them. "If you were an ant in tall grass you'd feel like this!"

They rode on slowly, ducking under creeper festoons and sagging branches, through heat that brushed their shining faces like visible steam, accompanied by the smell of pony sweat and damp leather and flowers—scent that lay in heavy accumulated strata on the thick sluggish air they breathed.

"Isn't it still!" she said.

* * *

HE didn't answer at once, and she turned to look at him. His eyes under the brim of his sun helmet were clear and cool—and searching. He glanced up into the branches above them, which were very empty, suddenly, of the flutter and chatter which usually went on there.

"It's hotter up here, too," she commented a minute later. "Is that because we're getting nearer the crater?"

"We aren't as near as that." He twisted in the saddle and looked back down the trail behind them. "No," he said then, as though in answer to his own thoughts. "There's an open space up ahead, just before we come to the stair. We may as well go on. Then we'll have a cool drink and some food before we start back."

Soon after that the track, though it was now hardly worthy the name, came out abruptly on to an old landslip, which had carried away all the big trees and left great rocks tossed about which still stuck out above the undergrowth of giant fern and lantana and coffee bushes. For the space of a hundred yards or so it was overhung by the sheer face of the cliff from which the ground had once broken away. Then it plunged again into the green tunnel, and there was the stair before them, jungle-clad, ageless, and mysterious.

They dismounted and drank pineapple juice from a thermos, and Rodney said they had better get the pictures first of all. They scraped away foliage and moss and made detail photographs of one of the steps. Then they photographed each other sitting on the great blocks of stone, and then they had lunch, using the step above them as a table, though it was too high.

But the picnic seemed to be not entirely a success. Rodney glanced up now and then into the trees above them, where that strange, empty stillness prevailed. He was a little quiet himself. Elizabeth wondered if he was already regretting the time he had sacrificed to her amusement, and some of the bloom went off her happiness. She ceased trying to entertain him, and began rather forlornly to pack up the lunchbox again. They had barely finished eating, but Rodney rose at once and said they had better be starting back.

"I hate to cut short our time like this," he said. "But the fact is, I don't like the looks of things. I want to get you back to the house."

"Looks of things?" she repeated, startled, and as she spoke there was a low distant rumble somewhere under their feet.

"I thought so!" he said with dreadful satisfaction. "Earthquake!"

"W-what had we better do?"

"I was counting on that landslip as open ground, but I didn't realize there was so much overhang. It might come down again. Still, we'd better run for the edge of it—" The rumbling came again, louder, and there was a rocking, heaving motion with it. The horses jerked up their heads and Rodney caught the bridles. "Come on, Liz—it's all right, don't be scared. Never mind the lunchbox."

She scrambled down the two lowest steps and caught the hand he was holding out to her. After they had gone a little way she tugged away from him and turned back.

"The camera!" she cried. "I forgot it!"

☆

A RENDING sound like the end of the world drowned out his voice as he called after her. The earth beneath her feet twisted and shivered and wrenched until she staggered helplessly, and looking up she saw a great tree leaning toward her. While she stared, fascinated, suspended in time, it seemed to move downward in slow motion, cutting a swath through the creepers and air plants which draped it and its fellows as it came. Then something struck her hard between the shoulder blades and she fell forward on her face simultaneously with the resounding crash of the tree on the ground just behind her.

For a moment she lay there, deep in yielding fern, wondering why Rodney did not come and pick her up. Something lay across the lower part of her body. She raised herself cautiously and looked around. The shielding weight was Rodney.

He had thrown her clear, but the trunk of the tree had caught him just at the knees, pinning him to the ground. Dazed, holding her breath, she crawled out from under him. He lay perfectly still, face down in the fern, his arms still spread protectively on either side of her. There was a thrashing in the branches of the fallen tree farther along—one of the horses was down, entangled in wreckage. The other had disappeared.

Even the earth was quiet again, while she crouched there, trying to take it in. Then the sun faded out and all the world turned gray-green and sinister, and there was the taste of brimstone on her tongue.

"Rodney!" Her hands were on him, frantic, pleading, futile. Where did you feel to know if they were dead? How did you bring them round without brandy or cold water if they had fainted? How did you tell if bones were broken? What did you do if bones *were* broken? What *could* you do if Rodney could not even speak to you? *"Rodney!"* she sobbed, and thought she could feel his heart still beating, though he made no move, no flicker of life, between her shaking hands.

It was a calamity she had never conceived in her wildest nightmares—that he should not answer when she yelled. Desperately she fought off the kind of panic that turns into madness and stampede, fought for shreds of self-control to think with, to do whatever had to be done to save Rodney.

You can't go to pieces now. You've got to bring Charles here. That was the first lucid idea she had had in an unrecorded aeon of time. She recognized it as lucid with prayerful relief. Charles. Yes, of course, Charles must come. Charles wouldn't let him die. Charles would know what to do.

She sat back on her heels, both hands pressed to her temples, forcing her numb brain to think again. No use to call Rodney now; he couldn't hear. No use to try to move him, with the trunk of the tree pinning him down. That was the first thing, then—to shift the tree. But when she had tugged with hopeless straining muscles at the pitiless weight, she realized that wasn't making any sense, and stopped. Nothing could be done without Charles. The thing was to get Charles on the job as quickly as possible.

She went to where the horse lay, farther along among the branches, its saddle knocked askew. She caught the bridle and pulled and said brisk encouraging things, but the horse only thrashed about feebly with starting, frenzied eyes, and then its head fell back and blood ran out of its mouth and it died. So that wasn't any good either. She stood a moment staring at it without compassion, and then dropped the bridle and went and sat down again by Rodney, holding her head and trying to think clearly.

☆

TO get to Charles one would have to follow the trail back to the Casa Paraiso on foot. That meant leaving Rodney here, alone and helpless, for hours. It meant that he might come to and think she had deserted him, or that she too was hurt somewhere out of his sight. Suppose more trees fell while she was gone; suppose the volcano above them really burst; suppose— It was the only way, though. If she just sat there beside him, like Casabianca on the burning deck, he might die before help came. Charles knew approximately where they were. But Charles might not begin to worry about them before nightfall, when they didn't show up. Knowing Rodney, Charles would assume that they were safe.

But I can't just walk away and leave him here, she thought. Brace up, Liz, you've got to do it. I can't, I can't! Would you rather watch him die, then? No, no! I'll go, only— You're wasting time, Liz. But if he should come to and find me gone, he'll go crazy. You can leave him a message.

Rodney always carried a small notebook and a pencil in his hip pocket for bird notes. She dug them out and wrote: "I've gone to bring Charles. Don't be frightened. We'll be back before dark." She tore out the page and tucked it into his fingers. She bent over him, touching his hair, his cheek—he was so still. Don't be frightened—that was a pretty silly thing to say to him. Rodney, I don't know any other way. . . .

☆

FEELING numb and dizzy and queer, though the ground was quiet under her feet, she set off along the green tunnel of the trail, stumbling a little, trying not to hurry and use up all her strength at the beginning—and was confronted suddenly by chaos. The overhanging cliff had come down the mountainside, bringing everything with it. Where the trail had been was now just a mass of rock and bruised foliage, with flowers sticking out of raw dirt, and tree trunks thrown about like matches. There was nothing to follow. She was cut off. And Charles, when he came to find them, would be cut off. He wouldn't even know where to look for them.

The completeness of the catastrophe steadied instead of demoralizing her. She was on her own now. It was up to her. If she caved in now there was no hope at all for Rodney. Well, she wasn't going to cave in. Oh, no, you don't! she told the trackless waste between Rodney and rescue. Over my dead body!

This was Liz Dare talking, the Liz who had beaten her way up from the three-a-day to the Flamingo Club, from that snowbound dump in Minnesota to white and crystal luxury above Central Park. Soft, am I! We'll see about that!

She stood a moment, rejecting any romantic idea that love alone could guide her back to Rodney once she had crossed the featureless jumble of broken terrain ahead. No, the way back would have to be marked somehow as she went. The trail they had come by must begin again somewhere, if only it could be picked up beyond the landslip. After all, if you kept on going downhill, you had to arrive somewhere, and once you could glimpse the ocean you had your bearings. Ignorance of the task ahead of her contributed to her courage. Ignorance and rage. She might be no pioneer woman, no intrepid female hunter, no leathery globe-trotter, no Mrs. Guerber, if you like, but by heaven the earthquake hadn't been born that could take Rodney away from her!

Let's see, now, you blazed a trail with an ax, or you—yes, you tied things on to things to guide you back. Bits of handkerchief—Rodney had a handkerchief—and there were napkins in the lunchbox. She turned back to where Rodney lay—he was just the same—collected his handkerchief and necktie and the notebook, found the lunchbox and took the napkins and waxed paper—stooped again above Rodney to get the penknife out of his pocket in order to slit the cloth into little strips—and with a last long look at him started off again through the murky jungle light.

Her watch had stopped when she fell, but she knew it was about midday. Something had happened to her wrist when she fell, too. It was very stiff and had begun to swell, so that the watch bracelet was cutting into it. She took off the watch and put it into her pocket. The swollen wrist was just one more insult. She ignored it furiously.

The going was unutterably bad. She slipped between tree trunks which lay with their roots in the air, and she caught her feet in streamers of vine. Soft spongy earth gave way beneath her, rocks rolled perilously toward her, branches whipped her face, thornbushes tore her clothes. She struggled on, panting, sobbing, swearing; pausing every now and then to tie a bit of rag on to some outstanding bush or branch, each in sight of the one before, but as far apart as she dared make them. The sky above her, when she could see it, was low and leaden, and filled with flying ash, and a howling wind was coming up.

But when she had covered what seemed endless miles of hopeless crawling and climbing and sliding, she saw with a gasp of satisfaction the sea stretched out below. So at least she was still on the right side of the mountain. She scrambled up a slanting log and stood there, braced against the gale, searching minutely with her eyes at the far edge of the landslip for the broken end of the track which had once led across its path. At last she thought she saw it—a sort of hole—but everything looked different without the sun. To gamble on that sort of hole in the green tangle meant a drastic change in the direction she had set herself—a sharper descent than she felt was right. She hesitated, glancing back along the way she had come.

* * *

IF I make a sharp turn down here, I must remember to turn sharp up when I come back with Charles, she thought. Ripping at the fabric with the penknife, wincing savagely from the pain of her sprained wrist, she fastened a piece of Rodney's necktie to a bare branch end beside her and made the downhill turn. She was running out of markers.

It was farther than she could believe to the edge of the landslip and that nebulous hole in the green where the trail should begin again. Once she paused to work clumsily with the penknife until she had hacked out a sleeve of her shirt to cut into strips—her swollen wrist made the business of tying them painful and exasperating. She was too tired now to be angry any more. The tide of fury which had carried her well along on this impossible journey had receded and left only a dogged resolve.

It was the trail.

She stumbled into it, sobbing with relief, just as the tropic storm broke in a roar of rain and a leaping curtain of lightning and a thrashing wind. For a long time she clung to a friendly tree trunk and tried to breathe. She was instantly soaked, of course—soaked and suffocated and blinded with rain. She had found the trail, but there was still a long way to go. Her left arm was drumming with pain, her body was a mass of bruises, her hands were torn and bleeding. And now there was lightning, and she was afraid of lightning.

* * *

SHE hid her face against the tree and heard herself calling Rodney's name in an ecstasy of terror. But that wasn't any good any more. Rodney lay very still, face down, back there in the fern. . . . *I shall love you till I die,* he said, between the lightning flashes, and she lifted her head incredulously to listen. It was as though for a moment he had stood beside her. The storm crashed and pounded around her while she listened. But I *heard* him, she thought, and forgot to flinch as lightning danced across her sight. I must be going mad—I *heard* him—

Then she was making her way along the trail without knowing how, while the rain beat down. The quake had been here, too, for there were new obstructions to be climbed over and crawled around. The horse could never have made it. But how will we ever get him down without a horse? Charles will know. Charles won't let him die.

She tripped and fell on her hands and knees in the mud, and stayed there, just as she was, her hair streaming around her face. I can't get up. I can't go on. Suppose the earthquake hit the Casa Paraiso too; suppose the house just isn't there any more; suppose it has slid right down the mountain on top of the town and the town has slid into the sea; suppose I can't find Charles. Suppose I can't find any one at all. I can't go on.

She pulled her hands out of the mud, one at a time, and watched the rain wash them clean of the rich black earth which ran up her bare arms in thick dribbles. Rodney's aquamarine on her third finger was washed into view, with the slim wedding band above it nearest her heart. *From this day forward,* it said inside, with their initials and the date, not of their marriage but of their meeting.

She caught at a hanging vine and dragged herself up. She plodded on again, swaying drunkenly and holding to things at the side of the trail. The mud sucked at her shoes with every squelching step, the rain beat down on her.

The next time she fell she lay there, at the end of caring, while only the pounding rain kept her from fading into unconsciousness.

Will Elizabeth's love be strong enough to overcome her exhaustion and fear? Can she reach Charles in time to save Rodney? Next week brings another exciting chapter of this rich and human novel.

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THE LAST WORD

THIS IS A REAL "LAST WORD." The time has come for me to bid you, all the millions of you that I have sought to serve for many years, a farewell and Godspeed! It would be idle to pretend that I feel no sadness in the parting. You have been loyal and faithful friends, as you have attested in the thousands upon thousands of your letters to me. I shall remember that friendship and loyalty as a rich prize I have won in the race of life.

In relinquishing the chief editorship of Liberty, a post which I have held since 1931, I do so with the certain conviction that it will continue to be a great national magazine, a strong force for good, and that in its present hands it will go forward to new heights of publishing achievement. Mr. Sheppard Butler, who succeeds me and who has been my associate for a long time, is one of the truly outstanding magazine editors of today. He, and the fine staff of Liberty, will give you a great magazine; greater than it has ever been, I feel sure.

AS FOR ME, I DO NOT CONSIDER this a real farewell. I hope that I shall find the time now to write many of the thoughts I want to put down, and the stories I want to tell. My first love is fiction and I hope to get back to that. In recent years, and especially since the entrance of our country into the war, the pressure of outside demands upon my time and energy has grown steadily. They are the sort of demands that in these dangerous days one finds it hard to refuse. I have felt it unfair to this publishing company to give them divided time.

SO, AFTER THIS ISSUE, Liberty will have a new editor—but new only in the sense that he is returning to a job he held before, and that now he heads a staff of which he was the principal member in much of the intervening time. I know you are going to feel the same loyalty to Mr. Butler that you have given me with such fullhearted American generosity. One of the things for which I shall always envy my successor will be the mail from you that will come to him as once it came to me. You were frank correspondents. You raised Cain with me when I printed something you didn't like. But it was constructive criticism; it was the explosiveness of real affection, and it kept me in my proper place, humble in the presence of the public, whose voice is universal and in the long run is always right. It has been a fine and for me an ennobling experience to share this weekly adventure with you. I shall always carry some of your warmth and good nature with me, in my heart.

* * *

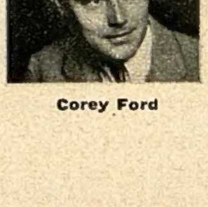
THANKS! Hope to see you all right back here with Liberty next week.

FULTON OURSLER.

BONUSES FOR THE BEST LIBERTY SHORT SHORTS PUBLISHED DURING 1941

We are happy to announce the following awards to the authors of the short shorts which Liberty's editors deemed the best of 1941. Each is a bonus—over and above the regular price which was paid at the time of purchase.

$1,000
to Corey Ford, for You Will Come Back, in the issue of June 21.



Corey Ford

$500 to Walter Doniger, for Nothing's Wrong, in the issue of June 7.

$100 EACH to Arthur Heinemann, for Blackberry Pie for Dessert (September 13); George E. Magee, for A Letter to Bill (October 25); Richard Heckman, for #53 (December 13); Bide Dudley, for A Triumph for Morse (November 1); Eli Colter, for In His Own Image (March 22).

HONORABLE MENTION to Caroline Clark, for By Request (April 5); Hope Harding Davis, for The General Didn't Know (May 3); Peggy von der Goltz, for The Road to Valley Forge (September 6); Frank Pakit, for Cruise (August 2); Margaret Lee Runbeck, for A Little Learning (November 15); Mona Gardner, for One More Pass (September 27); Mary Norton, for Nightmare in Pale Gray (April 12).

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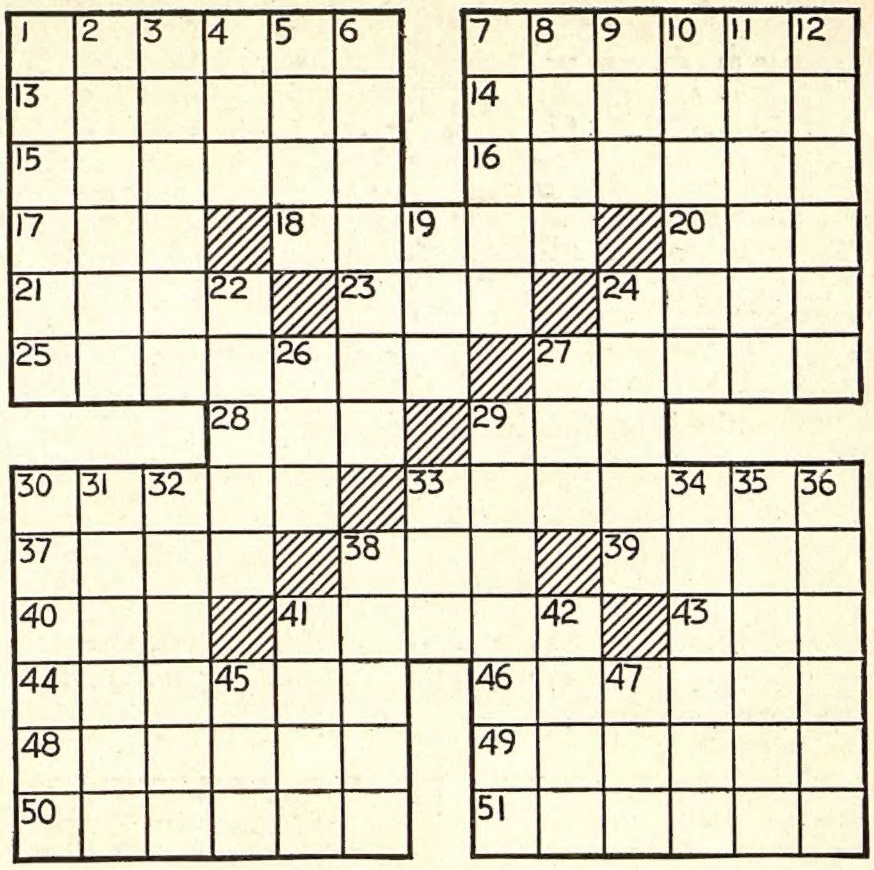
Cockeyed Crosswords

by Ted Shane

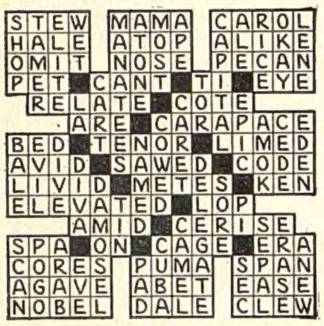


HORIZONTAL

1 So near yet so far (German)
7 Coat all garagemen wear
13 Watery Waterlooser (Sp.)
14 There's no shortage of this in the check industry
15 Guys that know from nothing
16 He's just plain all white
17 Bit of a liar—poddon, lawyer
18 Homemade ski
20 Doghouse tenant
21 Yegg's yeses
23 How sleeping in refrigerators is
24 Dish it out
25 The sweet and sour cry of the melodious drunk
27 Bob Hope's you'll split yourn
28 What the hard-working hen laid
29 Mr. Hot
30 He speaks Greek
33 Miami at home (two words)
37 Horse's parking space
38 Piscatorial pushmobile
39 Suthn Greek gal's supahmahket
40 Ogres Swain Ogresses (abbr.)
41 Female avunculars
43 Love exthautht of romantic lithperth
44 Cherman lagtig sqvirts
46 Caesar's Broad Way
48 Stationary salesmen
49 Gal often seen home
50 What dating a kissless gal is
51 Hits the wrong nail

VERTICAL

1 Best way to preserve rubber is to preserve this
2 Blasted at the Capitol
3 Smith when he got rich
4 X-word doodad
5 Pomes de Terence
6 Morons are usually found this
7 Velvet sauce
8 Hitler makes it, but never will
9 It's usually tide up and out
10 Dwelled
11 Gas chamber
12 What eating gneiss fine spinach sand does to the teeth
19 A Colin Kelly
22 How to enjoy the opera
24 Slow grinding devices divinely operated
26 Oik (English)
27 Chip off the old blockhead
29 Sun suits
30 Crab
31 What grammamas do as they walk
32 Actor who sighs and beats his buzzum
33 Fun
34 Hitler's gramp
35 Hair found on goaties
36 What an early patriot caused the British
38 Jittery-pokery
41 S. S. Zoological Gardens
42 "- - - -!" cried the skunk, as he sniffed the Limburger
45 'Fore
47 Pleasing start but simple finish



S	T	E	W		M	A	M	A		C	A	R	O	L
H	A	L	E		A	T	O	P		A	L	I	K	E
O	M	I	T		N	O	S	E		P	E	C	A	N
P	E	T	■	C	A	N	T	■	T	I	■	E	Y	E
	R	E	L	A	T	E	■	C	O	T	E			
			A	R	E	■	C	A	R	A	P	A	C	E
B	E	D	■	T	E	N	O	R	■	L	I	M	E	D
A	V	I	D	■	S	A	W	E	D	■	C	O	D	E
L	I	V	I	D	■	M	E	T	E	S	■	K	E	N
E	L	E	V	A	T	E	D	■	L	O	P			
			A	M	I	D	■	C	E	R	I	S	E	
S	P	A	■	O	N	■	C	A	G	E	■	E	R	A
C	O	R	E	S		P	U	M	A		S	P	A	N
A	G	A	V	E		A	B	E	T		E	A	S	E
N	O	B	E	L		D	A	L	E		C	L	E	W

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"WAIT MOM-BEFORE YOU POP 'EM OPEN... I'LL GET THE PARKAY!"

NET WEIGHT ONE POUND
made by KRAFT
VITAMIN A
Parkay
THE DELICIOUS VEGETABLE
OLEOMARGARINE
KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY
COOKIE CRAFT

Yes—spread delicious Parkay Margarine on popovers as soon as you open 'em . . . Parkay's delicate, appetizing flavor makes them fairly melt in your mouth! And because Parkay is such a grand tasting spread for bread, it makes cooked foods taste better, too. Yes, Parkay Margarine is a genuine flavor-shortening for baking . . . and just about perfect for pan-frying. Economical Parkay Margarine is a wholesome, nourishing food . . . a high quality energy food. And every pound contains 9,000 (U.S.P. XI) units of Vitamin A.

Made by the Makers of Miracle Whip.

FREE COOKIE RECIPES!

Send to the Kraft Cheese Company, Chicago, for illustrated folder containing 11 Parkay cookie recipes.

•

Tune In "The Great Gildersleeve"
NBC Red Network Sunday Evenings

WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—

She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."

Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.

FLYING INSTRUCTOR
PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:

"THIS IS THE CIGARETTE FOR ME. **EXTRA MILD**— AND THERE'S SOMETHING SO CHEERING ABOUT CAMEL'S **GRAND FLAVOR**"

- "Extra mild," says Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over — over Camels in the pilot room above.

Yes, there *is* less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extra mildness . . . but that alone doesn't tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.

No, there's something else . . . something *more*. Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you'll find it only in Camels. You'll *like* it!

She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's *strictly regulation* with her.

Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's strictly Camels, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

CAMEL — THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

- BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested — slower than any of them — Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.